National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 45. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864. WHOLE NO. 1,241.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT $2 50 PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

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ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

GEORGE THOMPSON AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

From Bennett's Herald.

THAT pioneer English Abolitionist, George Thompson, has had his public reception at the Cooper Institute, and seems to have been very proud of it, in contrasting it with his rough treatment here on his first missionary visit, thirty years ago, and his second fifteen years later. But the contrast between the Thompson of 1834 and 1850, and the Thompson of 1864 will explain why, in our days of sectional peace and harmony, he was regarded as an unwelcome interloper; and why, in these days of our terrible civil war, he is received without any signs of a hostile public opinion. In 1834 he came as the missionary of a sanguinary abolition agitation. He came to sow the seeds of discord and civil war amongst us, and was rejected and hooted out of the country, but not, however, until, as an abolition disorganizer, and as a secret emissary from the British aristocracy, he had done much mischief. He came again in 1850, when, in spite of the political strength which had been gained by the abolition faction, the compromise measures worked through Congress by Henry Clay promised a long term of peace between the two sections. Under such circumstances it was not surprising that "New York was too busy with compromises and Union-saving meetings to listen to George Thompson"; for he was naturally regarded by every friend of peace, and by every true philanthropist, as a public enemy, a public disturber, and a public nuisance.

But he comes again in 1864, and is received by his friends in New York as a hero. And wherefore? Because the dragon's teeth which he assisted in sowing broadcast over the land have sprung up into legions of armed men, engaged in the dreadful work of slaughtering each other. The labor of his hands as an abolition pioneer missionary having ripened into a plentiful harvest of blood, he returns to claim his reward. He comes to rejoice over our misfortunes and to glory in his work. He comes as a philanthropist, when at best his whole career has been that of a reckless fanatic. Having wasted his time, talents and money in the pernicious business of inflaming the two sections of this country to the arbitrament of fire and sword, and when we are taxing all our resources to the uttermost to save the life of the nation, he returns from England as a distressed philanthropist and a money-beggar. We only hope that his modesty will not cause him to limit his labors in this character to the charities of his Northern abolition friends; for in the matter of bringing about this terrible war he has been of equal service to the disunion faction of the South.

From The Springfield Republican.

It is next to impossible for an Englishman—even the most liberal and cosmopolitan one—not to be a snob. The spirit thereof is indigenous to the soil; or it is breathed in with the fogs; or swallowed with the roast beef and ale. However well else his tact and good breeding may serve him, an Englishman abroad is always sure to patronize the people he meets in that provoking, insulting way that only a true Englishman can. Here is George Thompson, just over, for instance, and anxious to have his greeting now as cordial and flattering as his former one was not, yet stupidly talking to us in this snobbish way:

"The prayer and trust of all in England who sympathize with you, who are the friends of this great country, is *that it should henceforth go hand in hand with the parent country* in all that pertains to the elevation and civilization of mankind."

Considering that those in England who sympathize with our advanced civilization, and are ready to join us in elevating individual freedom and the holiest principles of freedom, are a paltry minority of the kingdom—bound down hand and foot and almost gagged in the expression of their sentiments—we think there was a truer and certainly a more courteous style of putting this thought. But as Sydney Smith said of a Scotchman and a joke, it would require a surgical operation to make an Englishman take the true sense of it.

THE BLACK PARADE.

From The Copperhead World.

DESDEMONA loved Othello for "the dangers he had passed," and he loved her "that she did pity them." Whether the fair Venetian would have pawned her heart to the Moor in the way of discount upon dangers yet to come; whether, on the faith of a time contract to incur

——"most disastrous chances
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery,"

the fair daughter of Brabantio would have bestowed her tenderness upon a newly-listed and as yet unseasoned African, is one of the few questions which we believe the commentators of the great bard—the "scholars of Shakspeare"—have not yet mooted.

It is now, however, commended to their attention, in the hope that their lucubrations may throw some light upon the strange scenes enacted on Saturday last at the "Union League Club" of this city, in Union Square. Then and there it was that in the name and in behalf of a long array of matrons and maidens, the "mothers, wives, and sisters of the New York Union League Club," Mr. Charles King, a "potent, grave, and reverend seignior," offered the "love and honor" of the aforesaid matrons and maidens, in phrases of unctuous tenderness, to a regiment of hypothetical Othellos, marching on their way to possible glory in bran-new uniforms, with white gaiters, beneath a spick-and-span silken banner, embroidered by the fair white hands of those for whom he spoke.

To attribute this demonstration to a simple impulse of female patriotism is difficult; for not once, but many times in the course of the past year, these same ladies have permitted regiment after regiment of troops of their own blood and race not only to go forth, but to return from the field of battle, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." A negro soldier of the Union is, after all, we suppose, no more liable to death and wounds than a white soldier; and if the impulse which leads women to put off the habitual reserve of their sex and waft impassioned benedictions to departing "heroes" from public platforms is simply an impulse of love of country, one would say it must stir their soft hearts as deeply at the thought of battle-scarred white veterans tried and not found wanting on the field of death, as at the thought of dapper negro recruits who are merely on the way to become veterans, and who have their scars of honor still to win. The ladies of the "Union League Club" take so deep an interest in the cause of "American free nationality" that they can hardly be ignorant of the fact that our armies are not as yet exclusively made up of "Americans of African descent," and if the "love and honor" which swell their bosoms be the "love and honor" of American soldiers, and not of "Americans of African descent" alone, it is very unfortunate that their "sons, husbands, and brothers" should not have kept them informed of the many recent opportunities which have been suffered to slip by unimproved for raining these sweet influences upon torn and tattered champions of the nation returning from the perils and privations of the field to find their services forgotten and their presence unheeded by those for whom their perils have been braved and their privations nobly borne.

But for the unpleasant uncertainty of the attitude in which this thoughtlessness of their male friends has left the ladies concerned in the sable pageant of Saturday, there were aspects in which that pageant might be contemplated with satisfaction by the conservative majority of the citizens of New York. It was a kind of carnival show in Lent, which afforded almost equal pleasure to the performers and the spectators. The negro is a born masquerader; and what with the "love and honor" aforesaid, the laborious eloquence of a perspiring college president, the supernaturally funny marching of the awkward squad of parsons who preceded the "regiment" down Broadway; the brilliancy of the afternoon sunlight, the solemnity of the policemen who cleared the "white folks" right and left from the street, the good nature of the crowds on the sidewalks, and the intoxicating bumptiousness of the martial music, the "negro volunteers" went off in a state of chuckling exhilaration, the sight of which might have relaxed the inward man of the most dyspeptic member of Dr. Tyng's conventicle.

Those who felt most indignantly the baseness of the purposes aimed at by the authors of the show could not for the moment resist the hilarious contagion of the scene. And no one who saw it could have asked a more triumphant refutation than it gave of those radical slanders upon the people of New York which have been sown broadcast through the land on the strength of the lamentable draft riots of last year.

It was no doubt expected by some at least of the managers of this spectacle that it might bring about an outbreak of popular violence, which would lend color to their past calumnies and offer an occasion for fresh attempts upon popular liberty. Never were evil expectations more signally brought to confusion. The "Twentieth regiment of colored volunteers" were permitted to go their way to that bourne from which the colored volunteer so seldom returns, as quietly as if no Cheever had ever patronized them and no Greeley ever imagined vain things to turn the heart of the land against them. The people of New York do not hate the negro; they reserve their justice and judgment for the scurrilous lunatics who seek to make the negro hateful. So far as the "colored volunteers" are concerned, the popular feeling is simply one of pity for helpless creatures bamboozled and bedaubed into imagining themselves "volunteers" when they are, in truth, the conscripts of misery, the victims of a cowardly, mercenary fanaticism which uses them as the pawns of its own political games.

It is a grave insult, certainly, to the loyal thousands of the North that men who have grown rich upon a war made possible only by the patriotic devotion of those thousands should use the wealth thus won, not to alleviate the sufferings of white citizens, who have given themselves freely to their country, nor to honor their brave deeds, nor to encourage others to imitate their high example, but to parade the "flaunting lie" that white volunteering is at an end as a national resource, and that our only hope now rests with an inferior race, which is to be huddled, bullied, and cajoled into attempting the work which myriads of Americans stand ready to achieve at the risk of all that men hold dear. But for this insult the negro is in nowise responsible, and the popular instinct acquits him of it fully. It is not the negro's fault that false prophets and silly women make a military Malvolio of him, thrusting upon him greatness in the room of corn and pumpkins, giving him the drum for the banjo, and the bayonet for his tranquil pipe. He has not asked the lords of shoddy to clothe him with uniforms by contract; nor the ladies of shoddy to discount his gallantry, cuddle him as it were upon credit, and languish in ardent tears over his hypothetical wounds in battles yet to be.

Selections.

THE BANNER OF RADICALISM.

[Extracts from the speech of CHARLES D. DRAKE of St. Louis, delivered before the Border State Emancipation Convention, at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 22, 1864.]

THIS war has stripped the slavery question of its local and State character, and made it a national matter. The point is no longer whether slavery shall be a local institution, but whether it shall be at all. The issue is not now whether State policy, State Constitutions and State laws shall protect and perpetuate Slavery in spite of the nation; but whether, having proved itself a traitor, and steeped itself to the very lips in the blood of patriots, the nation shall permit it to live. The other day this question could not have been safely discussed here; to-day it can. Treason and rebellion have left no "sacred soil" of slavery on this continent. Freedom to assail slavery is now as irrefragible a right as freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. Slavery is one and indivisible, and to assail it in Missouri or Maryland is to assail it in Kentucky or Tennessee. What it knows in one place, what it feels in one place, what it does in one place, what it demands in one place, it knows, feels, does and demands, in greater or less degree, in every other place of its dominions. Everywhere it knows its own interest before any other; feels and asserts its own unscrupulous powers, does its own work of domination and aggression, and demands its own supreme aggrandizement. Everywhere it is an aristocrat; everywhere the foe of the poor, and the companion and favorite of the rich; everywhere ambitious, selfish and rapacious; everywhere intolerant and proscriptive; and, as the history of the past three years has verified, everywhere that it dared, cruel, bloodthirsty and treacherous. In one word, it is written in blood all over this land that slavery is a PUBLIC ENEMY; and the whole mass of loyal Americans proclaim in a voice like mighty thunderings that slavery shall be destroyed; and it will be destroyed not in revolted States alone, but in Missouri, in Maryland, in Delaware, and in Kentucky too (great applause).

Treating slavery thus as a public enemy, it seems to me now, as it did not on the 1st of January, 1863, that the President of the United States, in the proclamation which made that day perpetually memorable, came short of the stern demands of the tremendous exigency he strove to meet. In that proclamation he dealt with *slaves* as adjuncts and supports of the rebellion; when, in my poor judgment, as I see the case now, he should have dealt with the *institution of slavery* as the *rebellion's* source and strength. The rebellion was the crime of that institution; and for that crime the institution should have received at his hands the death-blow in the entire land, for it is everywhere essentially the same in its relations to this war. It were as wise to attempt to execute sentence of death upon a condemned malefactor by cutting off a hand or a foot, as under the circumstances of this time to liberate slaves in the insurgent regions and yet leave the slave *system* untouched. Had the President proclaimed the instant and universal extirpation of the system, it would have been but the logical sequence of holding slavery to be the cause of the rebellion; and the logic would have swept the heart of the nation and the public sentiment of the world with resistless and boundless power. The Border Slave States might for a time have demurred, perhaps growled, possibly attempted to resist; but ere this, loyalty and patriotism would have indicated the justice of totally destroying for the country's sake what assumed to destroy the country, and of exacting from the institution, as a whole, the penalty of its unparalleled crime against liberty, humanity and God.

Not for censure upon the President have I thus adverted to what I consider the defect of his great Act of Emancipation. I thank him for that act; the human race is his debtor for it, and for it history will honor him. I only regret that he should not have seen his way clear to pronounce the doom of slavery in the whole land.

With the full assent of my deliberate judgment, I hold that the proclamation of Emancipation was a constitutional exercise of the war power of the nation, and that, in law, it did, at the moment of its issue, free every slave in the whole region embraced in its terms; and I hold, moreover, that it was no temporary expedient, like the marching of an army, forward to-day, to be countermarched to-morrow, if strategy require, but a fiat of instant, eternal emancipation, never to be recalled, and not possible to be recalled, so as thereby to lose a jot of its original and binding force. And such, I believe, will be the judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States, whenever the validity and force of that proclamation shall be contested there. But whether so or not, the proclamation is backed up by half a million of most potent arguments, tipped with steel, which will never be sheathed, and ought never to be, till slavery is admittedly extinct, in theory and in fact, in all rebeldom, and buried beneath new-formed Constitutions of Freedom, rendering its resurrection eternally impossible (vociferous applause). If such be the righteous retribution on parricidal slavery, the limits of its territorial possession are already dwindled to those of the Border States. To end it there, ends it everywhere in America. And there, powerless and cringing, it awaits that final exterminating blow from the patriots of those States, and shall they not give it? That, my friends, is with us the great question of the hour. The source, the power, the very life of the rebellion is slavery, and the rebellion will not survive slavery's death. A bleeding country calls aloud for its destruction; the vengeful halloo of justice is on its track; the Angel of Liberty brandishes her flaming sword across its path. History pants to record its downfall, and shall we shrink from letting fall the blow? (Voices—No, no.) Shall we, to whom is left only the hem of this poisoned garment, refuse to exchange it for the full robes of a freedom for which we would be conscious of paying a price above what other patriots paid? Is the Constitution worth so little that we will refuse to sacrifice this blood-stained institution for it? Is the Union so small in value that we will balance it in one hand and slavery in the other, hesitating which to choose? Is the infinite honor of guardianship over Human Freedom such a bauble in our eyes that we will prove faithless to the trust rather than abandon slavery? For one, I say, in the words of Kentucky's noblest and greatest sons, "never, *never*, NEVER!" And from the graves of the Revolution, could our fathers speak, would come to us this hour the quick and stern response, "never, *never*, NEVER," (repeated applause).

Meantime the steady and impetuous torrent of events wears away the bared foundations of slavery throughout the land, and the huge, unsightly fabric totters to its fall. Not a volley is fired in battle, on either side, but pours death into the vitals of slavery. Not a bugle-blast sounds to the onset, but signals a charge upon slavery. Not a shell flies through the startled air, but shrieks out the doom of slavery. Not a moan of the wounded and dying on the gory field, but undertones the dirge of slavery. Not a cheer of victory for the Union but swells the world's rejoicing cry over slavery, prostrate and devoted to annihilation; and when that cheer bursts from the throats of the hundred thousand slaves of yesterday—now the freed men and brave soldiers of the Republic, beside whom, before another anniversary of Washington's birth, will stand another hundred thousand of their black brothers, armed to defend their new-found freedom and the country that bestowed it; then may all who still cling to slavery know that it were as easy to call the unnumbered dead of this war from their graves as to reinfuse life into the dead corpse of American slavery! Is this fanaticism? Is it enthusiasm? Is it exaggeration? Is it even extravagance? No, my friends, it is sober, solemn, unvarnished truth—such as ought to be spoken from the house-tops through all the Border States, and nowhere more than in this ancient Commonwealth. The people of all those States will be wise to hear and heed it. Presently, like the imprisoned drop of water, which, acted upon by fire, has expansive power to rend a mountain, it will hurl the battlements of slavery from their solid base, and upon their crushed and shapeless fragments will rise a new temple of Liberty, with this grand inscription over its wide and open portals: *Here was slavery! Here is freedom!* (Great cheers.)

I recall no instance in history of so signal a retribution as impends over the Southern people at the hands of their former slaves. They raised the cry of revolt, dreaming not that on their own plantations, in their own cities, towns and villages, at their own firesides, in their very parlors and chambers, there was a dormant army of freedom, which, once awakened, would never sleep again. They marched forth to battle for slavery, leaving slaves behind them, and looked back to see them free. They left human chattels in their rear, and behold! the chattels have become men. They held them to be soulless masses of bone and muscle, and lo! a life and a soul have been breathed into them. They parted with abject menials, who now confront them as stalwart soldiers, never again to call them master! (Applause.) These soldiers have sprung as it were from the dragon's teeth of rebellion, sown broadcast over the South, in the fury of a savage onslaught upon freedom for the sake of slavery. Mark in this the self-invoked vengeance upon crime. These dark columns of the sons of Africa are the counter-revolution which is to paralyze Southern treason. From the day when the arms of the Union were confided to their hands, and they marched under the grand old flag to the conflict with its foes, if never before, the fate of rebellion and of slavery was irrevocably sealed and the foot of the black man was destined to tramp down the earth into the grave when both shall lie dead together. From that day the black race in America felt the power of a new manhood, and stepped firmly into the arena of a higher and a better life. Think you that race will ever again return to what it was? Think you that here in Kentucky, or there in Missouri, or Tennessee, or Maryland, you can forge fetters strong enough to keep one part of that race enslaved when it knows that another part of itself is free, because it has fought for freedom? As will expect to reduce a part of the white race in this land to bondage. The negroes buy with their blood the freedom of *their race*, and the nation will secure it to the race forever; and when this great nation speaks the word of enfranchisement, States will stand aside in silence; justice, honor, generosity, all enforce the claim of the black race to respect, to confidence, to consideration, and to freedom. Let us face the logical result. The black man is henceforth to assume a new status among us, and be dealt with on principles wholly different from those which, in the slave States, have heretofore shaped the conditions of his existence. He is to be hereafter a man, not a chattel, and *he is to feel* that he *is a man*.

My friends, when in an after age the historian shall review this wonderful era in American history, he will be forced to declare that nothing has been recorded in the world's annals like the changes which the feelings and opinions of loyal Americans have, from time to time, undergone within the brief period of twenty-six months. They have not been the slow and labored mutations of years, nor the less tardy transformations of a single year; but from month to month—yes, from week to week—as the ever changing tide of affairs has rushed by them, men have put aside former views, and embraced others to which they had previously been strangers. This was no weakness or vacillation, but the obedience of the emancipated judgment to the impress of the times. And not the least remarkable, and certainly to every patriot the most cheering and inspiring feature of these kaleidoscopic movements of the public mind, was that there was *no step backward*. From the day of the secession of South Carolina to this, the loyal mind of the nation has moved steadily forward—not always rapidly, not always confidently; but always resolutely and steadily forward. In the beginning, our greatest statesmen were willing to make, and did make, concessions to Southern ferocity for the sake of peace which few would now venture to support or propose. Then, and long after actual war had been waged, you heard little from any quarter of the agency of slavery in precipitating a conflict which convulsed the nation and astounded the world; but you did hear much of the Abolitionists as its provokers and abettors, until it really seemed that they would be written down the head devils of this civil strife, and the rebel leaders be canonized as divine saints in the martyrology of liberty. . . . . But nearly three years of war have rolled over the land, and by its deadly flames men see, as they would not see at first, and of consequence think as they did not think in the beginning. Everywhere in the loyal States the truth has burst upon the people, like an eruption of Vesuvius in a dark night, and patriots see in slavery, and in that alone, the cause, the motive, the end, the life, and the soul of the rebellion; and while "to maintain and defend the supremacy of the Constitution and to preserve the Union," is their holy and irreversible purpose, they recognise that that defence is as futile as blows in the air, unless they overthrow that "established institution" which can no more live and let the Union live, than fire and water can be combined in harmony [applause.] Yes, my friends, let the truth be spoken fearlessly in this earnest hour, for its own sake, and for our country's sake. This war is no longer waged, and never again will be waged, by the loyal people of the nation to maintain the Constitution, and preserve the Union without conquest or subjugation, or interference with established institutions of the rebel States; but it is henceforth to be distinctly and avowedly a war for the conquest of the ravished domain of the Union—a war for the absolute, unconditional and permanent subjugation, aye, and if need be, the complete extermination of the rebels in arms—and, above and beyond these, a war for the utter overthrow and final extirpation of Southern slavery, all to the great end of maintaining the nation's integrity, vindicating its supreme dominion over every foot of its soil and sacredly preserving its Union and Constitution, without which independence is a myth, freedom a mockery, the past a failure, the present a disgrace, and the future a hopeless blank [cheers]. If we cannot face the mighty truth, are we not unfit for the tempestuous times in which our lot is cast? If we shun to declare it in every place and presence, are we not false to the precious truths committed to us? And if the nation fails to act upon it, might it not as well cease to act at all, and send Fernando Wood to Richmond, to sue for an ignominious peace?

The issue upon one side, or the other, on which every man in the nation must be ranged, is fully made up, between that radicalism which will venture all, do all and brave all for the Union and Freedom, and that conservatism which, assuming loyalty, hung back from the advanced positions of patriotism; professes enmity to slavery, and yet cringes to it; avows hostility to treason, and yet courts traitors for partisan ends; ever finds something strong and resolute, which it were wise not to venture; something prompt and effective, that had better not be done; something daring and aggressive, that it is discretion not to brave; and is content to stake less than all for country, that it may more cheaply coin all for *itself*. When between two such forces the country's safety hangs, it is time that the banner of radicalism should be unfurled beyond the narrow limits of Missouri. *The Nation* should behold it. Why not raise it *here?* and why, not on this birthday of Washington? Is there any better place or day? We have come to fling it to the breeze, and to plant it in the front rank, and we will do it. It is no paltry ensign of sectionalism, no drabbled banner of party, but the grand old standard of the Republic, with every broad stripe still pure and unstained, and look! with one more star in its azure field than when treason struck at the beaming constellation; and that one riven by her own blood-stained hand from once brilliant, now poor, dismembered, fallen "Old Virginia." And see! its spreading folds reveal an inscription inwoven in letters of gold, flashing in the orient sunlight! What are the words! Read them, if downcast and oppressed! for they speak hope and cheer to you; read them, friends of freedom, for they tell you of a brighter day; read them, champions of slavery, for they proclaim your discomfiture; read them, traitors, for they thunder anathemas to you, as they say—"*The Union without a slave; the Constitution amended to forbid slavery forever; and the arms of the nation to uphold that Union and that Constitution to the latest generation!*"

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

SPEECH OF LORD PALMERSTON.

IN the House of Commons on the 26th ult., Mr. Cave asked whether her Majesty's government intended to carry into execution the provisions of the treaty with the United States for the suppression of the slave trade, by stationing cruisers off the coast of Cuba.

Lord Palmerston said: I can assure the honorable member that the government feel as deeply as he can on the subject to which he has drawn the attention of the House; and, if I might allude to individuals, I venture to say that no men in the country have felt more warmly, and, within the limits of their spheres of action, have exerted themselves more for the suppression of the slave trade than my noble friend at the head of the Foreign Office and myself (hear, hear). At the same time when we recollect the great difficulty which was experienced in this country in gaining a victory over interested parties who maintained the slave trade, we must make some allowances for the reluctance which other governments manifest to adopt the course which we so honorably followed. But great progress has been made, though it is natural for man to look rather to that which remains to be done than to that which has been accomplished. In a survey of the whole matter, however, it is right to look both ways; and when we consider that the Brazilian slave trade, which formerly amounted to sixty or seventy thousand slaves a year, and which implied the wretchedness and misery of three times that number of persons, including those who were torn from their homes, and died on their passage inland, or in crossing the Atlantic, we may say that a very great and important benefit has been done in the cause of humanity by the extinction of the slave trade of Brazil. Then *there remains the slave trade of Cuba.* That used to be, I believe, an importation of twenty thousand slaves or more a year. According to the last accounts we have received from those who look to these matters, we have reason to think that the actual importation of 1863 has not exceeded 6,000 or 7,000. This is a very great reduction, and has been owing, in great degree, to the treaty with the United States. The protection afforded by the United States for a great number of years to the slave trade under the American flag gave impunity to a vast extent of crime, and the President of the United States, in the handsomest manner, agreed—nay, almost himself proposed to us—to make a treaty for a mutual right of search, which has proved most valuable. *I am sorry to say that the government of France has not thought fit to follow the example of the United States—more particularly as France took the lead in abolishing of her own accord the slave trade, and for a certain time agreed to a treaty for a right of search But a feeling of jealousy arose with respect to the national flag,* and that treaty was put an end to, and we have not been able to obtain a renewal of it. France, however, does employ cruisers on the coast of Africa, and I have reason to hope that the action of France will be directed energetically and sincerely to put an end to the slave trade. We know that for a certain time the pretended immigration of free laborers into the French colonies, obtained, I must hope under false representations, the sanction of the French government. That was, in fact, the slave trade; but, as the slavery was abolished in the French colonies, these immigrants when they arrived there were not called slaves, but apprentices for a certain time. It was a great abuse, and the French government felt it proper to put an end to it on condition of having the power of exporting coolies under regulations from our Eastern possessions. I am bound to say with respect to the present Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Cuba, that he has acted most honorably, and has exercised his power in every case effectually for the suppression of the slave trade. But the power of the Governor is not complete, as there are certain laws of Spain which cramp his action, and at his suggestion we have forwarded a recommendation to the government at Madrid to repeal those laws. This representation has not yet been successful; but I hope shortly that the Spanish crown will remove the obstacles which stand in the way of the accomplishment of the purposes for which the treaties for the suppression of the slave trade were concluded. *We have forwarded to all our cruisers on the American station warrants authorizing them to exercise the right of search with respect to all the flags in reference to which we possess that right.* It is very natural for those who look at one part of a question to think that part all important; and sometimes, if they succeed by their eloquence and energy in effecting their object, they may do as much harm as good. I recollect that as sincere an advocate for the abolition of slavery as ever lived maintained that trading up the African rivers would be the great impediment to slavery. He published a book, and in his earnestness declared that the employment of those other means which were thought necessary by other people would fail. The honorable member opposite attaches great value, and deservedly, to our cruisers on the coast of Cuba. There is no doubt of their importance, and the warrants given to them to examine suspected vessels under the American flag will very much assist them in the performance of their duty, but the value of captures in different places may be stated in the proportion I am now going to mention. The most important capture is the slave ship equipped and prepared on the coast without any slaves on board. That is the most important capture, because that prevents the misery entailed by the embarkation of the negroes, and throws on the hands of the chief, who makes money by selling them, the commodity before he has received the money. The next valuable capture is a ship with negroes on board, but off the coast of Africa, because then the negroes escape the horrors of the middle passage which the honorable member has so forcibly described. The third important capture is a slaver, with negroes on board, off the coast of Cuba, because those who have thus far survived the voyage are rescued from the doom to which they were destined and restored to their native land. I can assure the honorable gentleman that we are not at all blind to the importance of the points upon which he has dwelt. Admiral Hope, a most active and energetic officer, than whom no man has more at heart the abolition of slavery, will, I have no doubt, under the instructions of the Admiralty, do everything in his power to effect that object (hear, hear). There is one point, which, I think, the honorable member hinted at. We applied to the Spanish government to give permission to our cruisers on the coast of Cuba to anchor within their territorial limits. I am sorry to say that they have not hitherto agreed to that proposal. There may be some feeling of national jealousy in the matter, or the Spanish government may be influenced by other motives, not, perhaps so honorable. I hope, however, we may yet prevail on them to concede this privilege, because it would be a great advantage to our cruisers. The points where these slavers arrive are well known and limited in number, and if we could station our vessels in their vicinity it would greatly facilitate captures. ... is well known that the Spanish government have been urged over and over again, by every motive of national honor and good faith, to exert themselves for the suppression of slavery. They have always stated that orders of the most stringent character had been sent to Cuba, but that the difficulty of putting them into execution had hitherto foiled the intentions of the government. I know that the Marquis of Miraflores, who was not long ago at the head of the Spanish government, was most sincerely and honorably anxious to do all in his power to carry out the treaty. (hear, hear). As to the papers relating to the slave trade, they include reports and correspondence from distant parts, and some time must elapse before they are all received and ready for presentation to Parliament. Those for the last year are now in course of preparation, and will, I believe, be laid before Parliament very shortly. I trust that they will show a considerable diminution in the slave trade of Cuba, (hear, hear).

THE MASK OFF.

From The Missouri Democrat.

THE telegraph informs us that Gen. Blair has spoken. The privilege of speaking was sought for him by Copperheads, he took his stand upon the Copperhead side of the House, was surrounded by Copperheads, and spoke for an interest which the Copperheads as a body favor, and against a measure which received the almost unanimous support of Union men in Congress, and which, we know, has the enthusiastic approval of the Union masses throughout the country. This action of the General does not surprise us. We have long known it would come to this, from the course he has pursued, and more especially from his political associations at home. In times like these no man can long ride the fence successfully. He must show his hand and take his position, or retire.

The motive at the bottom of Gen. Blair's erratic course is perfectly transparent. At Washington he is a Lincoln man, although opposed to the most of those who have been Mr. Lincoln's warmest and truest friends. The reason is that Mr. Lincoln is President, and may continue to be such. As such the General wants to be recognized as his friend, enjoy his favor and share his patronage—all of which is natural enough in an ambitious and unscrupulous man. But at home—in Missouri—the case is different. Here Mr. Blair wants to be known and accepted as the friend of the Copperheads. The motive is the same which dictates the adverse policy at Washington. He wants to get office, and of course desires to have a party. That party he knows he cannot have among Unionists and Freesoilers in Missouri. He has lost their confidence so far that they will not touch him. Hence, while he is aiming to pursue a course at Washington which will not separate him from the President—in other words, keeping one eye upon Mr. Lincoln and cultivating him by the profession of a strong desire for his reelection, he is at the same time laboring with a view to strengthen himself with the pro-slavery and disloyal elements in Missouri—or in other words keeping his other eye upon the Copperheads. His course in reference to the confiscation resolution, the subject of his late speech, was eminently calculated to subserve the last named object. In this view it may be regarded as a master stroke of policy. The Copperhead party of Missouri is largely made up of rebels, who have an especial horror of confiscation. It matters not so much that Gen. Blair has made war upon their favorite—the rebel Confederacy—and his hands may not be regarded as clear of the blood of their sons and brothers; if he will but guarantee them their property, he establishes a claim upon their gratitude which will go far towards overbearing all other considerations. If he be, as is said, an aspirant for gubernatorial honors at the next election in this State, he has in his last speech played a big card for their support.

Of course all Union men understand this policy perfectly. It is an attempt to take passage upon two boats at once, running in different currents, and urged by breezes from different quarters. There may have been men who have succeeded in such an experiment, but in the present instance the attempt is destined to terminate in certain and inglorious failure.

LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION.

Washington, Wednesday, March 9.—The President of the United States this afternoon formally presented to Major.-Gen. Grant his commission as Lieutenant-General. The ceremony took place in the Cabinet Chamber in the presence of the entire Cabinet, Gen. Halleck, Representative Lovejoy, Gen. Rawlings and Col. Comstock, of Gen. Grant's staff, the son of Gen. Grant and Mr. Nicolay, the Private Secretary of the President. Gen. Grant having entered the room, the President rose and addressed him thus:

GEN. GRANT: The nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to do in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission, constituting you Lieutenant-General in the Army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so under God it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add that, with what I here speak for the nation goes my own hearty personal concurrence.

To which Gen. Grant replied as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: I accept this commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me, and I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men.

The President then introduced the General to all the members of the Cabinet; after which the company was seated, and about half an hour was spent in social conversation.

AN INHUMAN CUSTOM.

To the Editor of The Boston Transcript:

I WAS glad to see that the Hon. Charles Sumner had introduced resolutions concerning the ejectment of colored people from the cars in the District of Columbia. Wherever that custom prevails, it is disgraceful to our character as a civilized and humane nation. The coarsest and dirtiest of white people are permitted to enjoy the convenience of public vehicles, while worthy, neat, and respectable colored persons are excluded on account of complexion. Few are aware to how much inconvenience that class of our population has been subjected by this unworthy prejudice. Excluded by us from most of the profitable trades and professions, they rarely have the means of keeping vehicles of their own; and, if obliged to travel, to keep any engagement, or to visit the sick-bed of a relative, they are compelled to walk through the mud and be exposed to storms, though they may be cleanly in person, and unexceptionable in manners. I have known some cruel results from this foolish and inhuman custom. The Rev. Theodore Wright of New York was a colored preacher, much esteemed for his intelligence, piety, and pastoral fidelity. His wife was a worthy woman, of respectable appearance and great propriety of manner. Some twenty years ago, an urgent occasion required that she should visit another city. Soon after she went on board the steamboat, it began to rain violently. When she attempted to take shelter in the cabin, she was stopped with the remark that "niggers" were not allowed to go there. "But I have paid the same price as other passengers," said she; "and I am getting very wet and chilly." "Can't help that," was the reply. "It's against the rules of the boat for you to go into the cabin." The consequence was, that this worthy woman took a cold, which brought on rapid consumption, and caused her death a few months afterward.

Mr. Wright told me of this, and his voice choked with emotion, as he said, "It is cruel, this prejudice the whites have against us. We are not responsible for our complexion; but it brings upon us sufferings and inconveniences enough to dishearten any people."

L. MARIA CHILD.

JAMES B. CLAY AND HIS SLAVES.

THE late James B. Clay, whose death we noticed last week, like most wealthy slaveholders, was very fond of boasting of the attachment and devotion of his bondsmen to himself. Not only were his slaves well fed and well housed, but they were far happier than free people, and knew and appreciated the inestimable advantages of their position. They did not want freedom and wouldn't take it on any terms. All they asked was to live on the "old plantation," and to end their days under the easy yoke of "Massa" Clay.

Once upon a time—some three or four years ago—Mr. Clay had a Quaker friend from the North visiting him, and to whom he expressed his usual confidence in the attachment of his slaves. The Quaker was incredulous, and so Clay vauntingly determined to put the matter to the test.

An old house slave—one who enjoyed his confidence, who had been always well treated and who seemed to entertain a real affection for his master—was called and entered the room.

"Tom," said Mr. Clay, "here's a gentleman from the North who says you and the other boys are miserable here, and want to be free. You may go away from home with him, if you like."

The old negro was puzzled and almost scared. He shook his head doubtingly.

"You are free, Tom, and can leave me, if you want to," said the master.

The negro trembled with emotion. At last, all excitement, he cried: "Are you in earnest, massa? Can I go North and be free?"

"Yes, if you want to leave me and your old home, you can go."

"I'll go, massa. I'll go anywhere to be free;" and the old fellow was beside himself with joy and gratitude at his expected liberation.

This was not, however, what the slaveholder wanted or expected. He became very angry, ordered the poor credulous slave away, and soon made his Northern friend aware that his room was better than his company. Of course Tom was never freed, but it is probable that his master was less assured thenceforth of the affection of his negroes for slave-life.

RUNNING CANADA NEGROES INTO SLAVERY.

ANOTHER REBEL SCHEME FRUSTRATED.

THE Detroit papers have discovered another rebel plot. They allege that the rebel emmissaries in Canada, some time since, set on foot a scheme to induce men, white as well as black, to hire out for the alleged purpose of engaging in fishing off the Newfoundland Banks, and also to go into the oyster trade, while the actual purpose was to get these poor fellows on board fishing smacks, and at the first favorable opportunity to run the blockade, sell the negroes and let the others get along as best they could, although every inducement would be made to have them enlist in the rebel army. The Detroit *Tribune* of Saturday says:

"The plot was first discovered in Port Sarnia, as follows: The detective who had got wind of the affair secured the services of an intelligent negro, who accompanied him to Port Huron. Crossing over to Sarnia, he announced himself as a deserter from the colored regiment in this city, and was immediately the observed of all observers. On Wednesday the subject of engaging himself at twenty dollars per month and found, for the oyster trade, was broached by a man giving his name as Marks. A bargain was struck, and the 'intelligent contraband' received a ten dollar greenback as a part of his wages in advance. He was taken to comfortable quarters, where four other colored men were quartered, who had previously been hived. From them he learned for a certainty that a number of colored men had been engaged, who were then at the place mentioned above. This intelligence was sent to the detective, who immediately sent word to the persons, and the rascally undertaking of 'seceesh' was nipped in the bud. Friday night had been designated as the time the parties were to simultaneously leave for Halifax, but before the hour arrived, Marks was respectfully informed that his game was 'played out.'

"The fact that the plot had been frustrated created great excitement among the colored people, and Marks, feeling somewhat insecure, left Sarnia by the earliest train. The man having charge of the negroes at Amherstburg was roughly handled, and had to be conveyed out of town by his friends. There is a great deal of loud talk at Windsor, but as the principal men who are supposed to have been engaged in the rascally transaction have fled, the colored people there are not apparently troubled about the matter. Hard words have, however, passed between them and many of the 'skedaddlers,' and Friday night it was feared a row would take place. The presence of the Rifles in that town, however, had the effect to allay the trouble, although the most intense excitement exists, and it is feared that a riot may at any time break out."

KIDNAPPING IN KENTUCKY.

From The Evening Post.

WILLIAM P. FISHBACK writes to the Indianapolis *Journal* concerning John Clark, a young man born in Henry County, Indiana, who went into Kentucky a few months ago as servant to an army officer; got separated from the regiment by an accident; and was thrown into jail at Shep

is attacked. A man may have reasonable doubts as to his duty to run after another man's runaway slave; it is not the custom, when a farmer in the free States loses his cow, to call out all the neighbors to search for her and catch her, under penalty of a fine or imprisonment. But is it not a shameful thing that men, free-born, or free by act of the nation, industrious and serving their country, should be kidnapped and sold into slavery? Kentuckians have a right to blush for their State, in which alone at this time, of all the States, such acts are countenanced or can be committed.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

THE appointment of Gen. Grant to the chief command of the Armies of the United States, under the President, seems to be received by the nation with an almost unanimous approbation. One of the pro-slavery Democratic Generals to whom the President thought it expedient in the beginning to entrust the conduct of the war, he is believed to have learnt in the field the lesson that the Union and Slavery cannot be preserved together; that one or the other must die that the other may live, and that he prefers the life of the nation rather than of slavery. This is a main qualification for his office—indeed, the indispensable one. Then he has had the great virtue of success in all his military operations. We believe that this is owing to his own military genius. But, if it be due, as some say, to officers inferior in rank but superior in abilities, he still deserves all the credit of what he has done, for it is no mean proof of capacity to choose advisers and instruments well. It is to be hoped that he may be able to break the spell under which McClellan seems to have had the Army of the Potomac, and to make it as potential for victory as he has made his own Army of the West. McClellan had so thoroughly organized defeat in that department that it seemed as if nothing could undo that miracle of his strategy. The victory of Gettysburg hardly throws discredit on the perfection of his military skill in that particular direction. For it was a repulse of an invasion of our own territory, and not a victory on the path to conquest in that of the enemy. And now it looks as if even that had been won through an accident and a mistake, and in direct opposition to the intentions of the general in command, who, probably, had not fully recovered from the paralyzing influences of his former commander. It is well that this fine army should be put under the command of a General who has never been under the fatal misrule of an officer whose conduct in the field, whether so intended or not, was precisely such as the enemy must have desired, and whose course since he was removed from active service has made him the darling of every open and concealed traitor in the land. Such a change cannot fail to be a good one.

What the country now needs, and must have, is *Success*. And the time has come when it can bear success without great danger of being ruined by it. We have all along felt and expressed our sense of the good fortune, or the good Providence, which has so long taken the shape of defeat and disaster. The only object to be gained by this war, commensurate with its cost of men and money, being the ridding the country forever of slavery, it was only through calamity that this crowning issue could come. The stupidity of McClellan, which kept him from marching to Richmond in December, 1861, which we all now know he could have done, and which he knew as well then, defeated the very object which he wished to gain by his masterly inactivity—the preservation of the territorial Union without damage to slavery or the supremacy of the slaveholders. Had he taken possession of the rebel Capital, he could have arranged terms of amnesty and reconciliation with the rebels such as they might have accepted without mortal injury to their pride—for he could have restored them to their "Constitutional rights," with such guaranties as would make their defeat their undeniable victory. And the North was even then so much under the sway of the sorcery by which the slaveholders had held them captive for so many years that such an arrangement would have been submitted to. Such an one the President and all his Cabinet, with the exception probably of Mr. Chase, desired and would have accepted. The army, as a very general thing, scouted the idea of their fighting for Emancipation. Though the Negro pulled the wires which set all the puppets in motion (with all possible respect be it said) in Washington and in the field, he was kept behind "the blanket of the dark," and all agreed in denying that his hand had anything to do with the matter. The "strategy" of McClellan defeated itself by refusing to crush the rebellion in its first beginnings, before the passions of both sections of the country had become bitterly engaged in the struggle. He thought, undoubtedly, that it would die a natural death of pure inanition—inferring this from his advices as to its weakness at that time—and thus gave it time to arouse the passions and develop the resources of the rebel region. For all these things he deserves such gratitude as belongs to men whose blunders have brought about the very results they most deprecated and meant to prevent.

The same measure of gratitude is due to most of the other Democratic generals and officers whose conduct for so long a time laid them open to the strong suspicion of wishing the virtual success of the rebellion, as far as the continued supremacy of Slavery was concerned, from Patterson down to Olustee Seymour. But the time when Defeat was essential to ultimate victory has well passed away. The nation is now strong enough to bear a little success without danger of injury. The radical antagonism of Slaveholding and Free States has been made plain to all men. None profess even not to see this, excepting those who desire the subjection of the last to the first. It has been made clear that either slavery must be destroyed or the independence of the revolted States acknowledged. And this question is soon to be decided by wager of battle. And a desperate battle it will be. For we are altogether too much disposed to undervalue the strength and resources of the rebellion. Though diminished materially by our victories in the South-west, through the interruption of their supplies, they are still sufficient for a fierce and desperate resistance. Spite of all the accounts brought by deserters of the discontents and demoralization in the ranks of their armies, it is plain enough that they are still numerous, well disciplined, well led and under the control of an iron central despotism. The danger of disgraceful compromise diminishes as the war goes on, while the possibility of our being wearied out into a separation is not less than at the beginning. In either case, slavery would come to an end, sooner or later, as a consequence of the conflict of ideas and arms, but the growth and greatness of the nation would receive a palsying blow. We should not shut our eyes to this possibility. England was as unanimous for the reduction of the Colonies up to 1780 and 1781 as the North is for the suppression of the rebellion. But the combination of all the Powers of Europe against her, and the financial embarrassments growing out of the war, compelled a peace. Should our struggle outlast the quarrel in the North of Europe and release the great Powers from apprehensions of war nearer home, we should not shut our eyes to the possibility, to say the least, of an interference in our affairs. And our financial complications will certainly not diminish with the continuance of the war.

We shall soon have on foot an army of more than half a million men, raised at a cost exceeding that of all the armies of Europe put together. While this strain upon the industry and capital of the country has shown how much greater they both are than we had supposed, there is still a point at which they can stand it no longer. How long they can hold out we cannot absolutely say, but it is the part of wisdom to make the time as short as possible. And its determination must depend on success in the field, and that soon. And this is quite as necessary for Presidential prospects as for the winding up of the war. While we do not believe that the President has been influenced in his appointment or removal of generals, by apprehensions that their victories in battle would tend to his defeat in Convention or at the polls, it is plainly to be discerned that his only hope now lies in brilliant military successes. Such success may raise up a powerful rival, but defeat or inaction will be certain political ruin. Gen. Grant will certainly be a most dangerous competitor, should the Democrats have the wisdom to accept the Emancipation policy and nominate him as the fittest man to carry it out and consolidate the Union. But that is a matter which the country will take very easily, provided the destruction of slavery be made the essential part of both platforms. The nation had as lief be saved by Democrats as by Republicans, by Grant as by Lincoln, or Fremont or Chase. Only it must be saved. And that can only be through victory. Defeats have done their work. They have made Union and Slavery incompatible ideas. The nation has done its part. It has furnished the President with all the men and all the money he has asked for. It must soon be satisfied that it is to have money's-worth and blood's-worth. If not, the sceptre will pass next November into other hands, perhaps for the better, but only too probably for the worse.

THE MAMMOTH PETITION.

THE Women's National League sent out through the mails, last July, six thousand petition packages, each containing two copies of the petition, a circular letter, and an eight page tract, entitled "EMANCIPATION IS PEACE." In return, they received ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND signatures, one hundred thousand of which were, a few days ago, presented in the Senate by Hon. Charles Sumner.

It is now proposed to make a vastly larger planting, that the desired MILLION harvest may be gathered. The League is dispatching new thousands of packages all over the country—to every school district, it is hoped—accompanied by a tract containing the following appeal, and Mr. Sumner's admirable speech on the presentation of the PRAYER OF THE MILLION.

In order that ALL the signatures for immediate and universal emancipation, both by law of Congress and amendment of the Constitution, may be counted together, the Women's League have added the Constitutional amendment to their prayer; and now ask all persons who circulate the Petition for one or both these methods, to send their lists of names direct to the Office of the League, Room 20, Cooper Institute, New York, where they will be counted and registered, and forwarded to Washington, in one hundred thousand instalments—as often, we hope, as once a month.

CIRCULAR.

NEW YORK, March 7, 1864.

DEAR FRIEND: With this you will receive a form of a Petition to Congress, the object of which you cannot mistake, nor regard with indifference.

To procure on it the largest possible number of adult names, at the earliest practicable moment, it is hoped you will regard less as a duty than a pleasure.

Already we have sent one instalment of our Petition forward, signed by one hundred thousand persons; the presentation of which, by Senator Sumner, produced a marked effect on both Congress and the country. We hope to send at least an equal number by the first of April. We shall easily do even more, if you and others will cooperate with us.

For nearly three years has the scourge of war desolated us, sweeping away at least three hundred thousand of the strength, bloom and beauty of our nation. And the war-chariot still rolls onward its iron wheels deep in human blood.

The God, at whose justice Jefferson long ago trembled, has awakened to the woes of the bondmen. "For the sighing of the oppressed, and for the crying of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord God."

The redemption of that pledge we now behold in this dread Apocalypse of War. Nor should we expect or hope the calamity will cease, while the fearful cause of it remains.

Slavery has long been our national sin. War is its natural and just retribution.

But the war has made it *the constitutional right of the government*, as it always has been the moral duty of the people, to abolish slavery. We are, therefore, without excuse if the solemn duty is not now performed. With us, THE PEOPLE are the power to achieve the work, by our agents in Congress. On us, therefore, rests the momentous responsibility. Shall we not all join, then, in one loud, earnest, EFFECTUAL prayer to Congress, which will swell on its ear like the voice of many waters, that this bloody, desolating war shall be arrested, and ended, by the immediate and final removal, by Statute Law and an amended Constitution, of the crime and curse which alone has brought it upon us?

Now, surely, is the accepted time. On our own heads will be the blood of our thousands slain, if with the power in our own hands, we do not end that system forever, which is so plainly autographed all over with the Divine displeasure,

In the name of Justice and of Freedom, then, let us rise, and decree the destruction of our destroyer, Let us with myriad voice compel Congress to

> "Consign it to remorseless fire;
> Watch till the last faint spark expire;
> Then strew its ashes on the wind,
> Nor leave one atom wreck behind."

In behalf of the Women's National League,

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, *Secretary.*

☞ Form of Petition now sent out by the Women's League.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

The undersigned, citizens of ——— ——— believing Slavery the great cause of the present rebellion, and an institution fatal to the life of Republican government, earnestly pray your honorable bodies to immediately abolish it throughout the United States; and to adopt measures for so amending the Constitution as forever to prohibit its existence in any portion of our common country.

The above form of petition, it will be observed, is identical with that lately sent out by the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society. It is now requested that all copies thereof, from whomsoever received, should be, as soon as signed and completed, returned to the care of Miss S. B. ANTHONY, 20 Cooper Institute, New York, from which office they will be duly forwarded to Congress. *Let all help* this very important and essential work.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN LOUISIANA.—In the Senate on Tuesday Mr. Sumner presented the petition of one thousand citizens of Louisiana of African descent, praying that those who have borne arms for the Union, and all others who can read the Constitution of the United States, be admitted to the privileges of the elective franchise in the reorganization of that State. The petition is approved by Anthony Fernandez, President of the Louisiana Association of the Veterans of the War of 1812, founder of the first Union Association, and a member of the Central Committee for the organization of a Free State; by Thomas J. Durant, President of the Free State Committee, and by other citizens. It represents that all the petitioners are owners of property, many engaged in the pursuits of commerce, paying taxes for forty-nine years on an assessment of fifteen million of dollars, and that at the call of Gov. Shepley they raised the first colored regiment in forty-eight hours, thus saving New Orleans from capture by the rebels, while the white citizens of the city did little or nothing for its protection. Can any honest man deny that the prayer of these petitioners is just? Why then should it not be granted?

CONFISCATION.—Mr. Julian of Indiana has introduced a bill to amend the Homestead law so as to bring within its provisions the confiscated and forfeited lands of the rebels. All right say we.

GEORGE THOMPSON INVITED TO WASHINGTON.

MR. THOMPSON is the recipient of the following very honorable invitation, which speaks for itself:

WASHINGTON CITY (D. C.,) Feb. 22, 1864.

HONORABLE GEORGE THOMPSON:

Dear Sir: The undersigned, constituting the Board of Managers of the "Washington Lecture Association," assured that your zeal in the cause of human liberty has not abated—and entertaining, as we do, the highest estimate of those labors which have marked your career as a statesman and teacher—labors which we feel persuaded have wrought an important influence for public good in both hemispheres—avail ourselves of this opportunity to tender you an invitation to visit the Federal Metropolis at an early day, and lecture before our body and the citizens generally upon the great issues of the time.

We are, sir, with high regards, your friends,

JNO. PIERPONT, *President.*
LEWIS CLEPHANE, W. A. CROFFUTT, C. STORRS, } *Vice-Presidents.*
JOHN R. FRENCH, N. BROUGHTON DEVEREUX, CHAS. ROESER, } *Executive Committee.*
Z. RICHARDS, *Treasurer.*

The undersigned, members of both Houses of Congress of the United States, concur in the above invitation, and express the hope that the Honorable gentleman will afford us the pleasure of listening to his voice in the Capital of the nation.

H. Hamlin,	B. F. Wade,
Charles Sumner,	John B. Alley,
H. Wilson,	George W. Julian,
Jas. Harlan,	Thaddeus Stevens,
Wm. Sprague,	J. S. Morrill,
Alex. Ramsay,	Robt. C. Schenck,
John Conness,	Henry T. Blow,
Tim. O. Howe,	Wm. D. Kelley,
M. S. Wilkinson,	Wm. B Allison,
L. F. S. Foster,	J. W. Patterson,
Dan'l Clark,	A. Myers,
J. W. Grimes,	P. Baxter,
E. D. Morgan,	Oakes Ames,
James Dixon,	S. H. Boyd,
Z. Chandler,	T. B. Shannon,
Hs S. Lane, Ind.,	C. Cole,
S. C. Pomeroy, Kansas,	Wm. Windom,
J. H. Lane, Kansas,	J. M. Ashley,
W. P. Fessenden,	J. W. Arnold,
Solomon Foot,	Wm. G. Browne,
H. B. Anthony,	Jno. F. Farnsworth,
Jno. C. Ten Eyck,	J. B. Grinnell,
John Sherman,	W. Higby.

Mr. Thompson, we understand, has accepted this invitation, and will go to Washington about the 30th inst. We trust he will be heard in the great Hall of the House of Representatives.

PERSONAL.

Theodore D. Weld having removed from West Newton to Fairmount, Mass., his friends should hereafter address him at the latter place.

Rev. Samuel J. May was, on the 8th inst., elected School Commissioner of the Fourth Ward of Syracuse by a majority of 38 over the rival candidate, an Episcopal Copperhead minister. Who says the world does not move?

John Rogers, the eminent sculptor of this city, is now engaged on a work which is likely to prove his best. It is a statuette of "The Wounded Scout, or the Friend in the Swamp." It represents a disabled soldier supported by the strong arms of a tall negro, who has encountered him in a swamp, and is leading him to a place of safety.

Rev. A. D. Mayo, Pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, in Cincinnati, has been appointed Professor of Church Polity and Administration in the Meadville Theological School, and has accepted the appointment. Mr. Mayo will lecture in his course annually in the month of June.

Anna E. Dickinson will deliver a lecture in the Cooper Institute, in this city, on the anniversary of the murder of Massachusetts troops in the streets of Baltimore. Subject:

Lexington, 1775. APRIL NINETEENTH, Baltimore, 1861.

It is no secret, says *The Evening Post*, among the personal friends of Gen. Grant, that he has been sounded by some of the Democratic party in regard to his willingness to accept from them a nomination for the Presidency. His reply was instant and emphatic. He had no ambition, he said, for civil office, and was fully resolved to accept none; he would never consent to be the candidate of any party for the Presidency. It is added, but whether this be true we (*Evening Post*) will not undertake to affirm, that he told those who asked the question, that even if he were disposed to accept a nomination, he would not receive it from a party standing on the ground occupied by the Democrats in regard to the war.

M. D. Conway, in his last letter from England to *The Commonwealth*, says: "The great American bugaboo in the minds of American correspondents of English papers just now is Miss Anna Dickinson. On this Daughter of the Regiment, Mackay and Sala (whose letters after the first two have been loathsome) are forever harping. They know that the English people, though having a Queen, are fanatical in their horror of women's having anything to do with public affairs. This prejudice extends to nearly all classes. It is only in a small circle that Florence Nightingale's name even would be safe from a sneer. Mackay, Sala, and their like know this, and they have not failed to make the most of it. It is hinted that Miss Dickinson will marry a negro ere long, etc., etc.; while garbled quotations from her speeches are paraded."

Salmon P. Chase, in a letter to a member of the Ohio Senate, under date March 5th, withdraws his name from the political arena as a Presidential candidate. He says:

"In reply to a friendly letter from you, I wrote you briefly not long ago about the wishes expressed by many that my name might be favorably regarded by the people in their next choice of a President, and closed by saying that, should our friends in Ohio manifest a preference for another, I should accept their decision with the ready acquiescence due from one who has been already trusted and honored by them beyond merit or expectation. The recent action of the Union members of our Legislature indicates such a preference. It becomes my duty, therefore, and I count it more a privilege than a duty, to ask that no further consideration be given to my name. It was never more important than now that all our efforts and all our energies should be devoted to the suppression of the rebellion, and to the restoration of order and prosperity, on solid and sure foundations of union, freedom and impartial justice, and I earnestly urge all with whom my counsels may have weight to allow nothing to divide them while this great work, in comparison with which persons and even parties are nothing, remains unaccomplished."

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN VIRGINIA.—That portion of the old State of Virginia now in possession of the U. S. forces, and not embraced in the new State of *West Virginia*, is under the jurisdiction of a loyal State government, the seat of whose operations is Alexandria, where a Convention has been in session for some time past, engaged in the work of remodelling the State Constitution. On the 10th inst., with but one dissenting vote, the Convention agreed to insert in the new Constitution the following provisions, viz:

"First: Slavery and involuntary servitude, except for crime, is hereby abolished and prohibited in the State forever.

"Second: Courts of competent jurisdiction may apprentice minors of African descent on like conditions provided by law for apprenticing white children.

"Third: The General Assembly shall make no law establishing slavery or recognizing property in human beings."

The incorporation of these provisions into the Constitution was at once celebrated by the ringing of bells and the firing of one hundred guns! Under this fundamental law the portions of Virginia now under rebel away will come as fast as they may be recovered to their allegiance to the United States, the rightful jurisdiction of the government at Alexandria being held to extend over the whole State. Thus the good work goes on.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY (Tribe of Asa) are now singing their humorous, pathetic, reformatory and patriotic songs in the central portions of this State, to crowded audiences. Their many friends in this city will be glad to hear that they will sing in the Cooper Institute on Monday evening, 29th inst. They will afterwards visit Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. These minstrels have done much, by their simple songs, to kindle the flame of liberty in the hearts of the people; hence the friends of liberty owe them gratitude and service, and are likely to remember the debt.

WELCOME TO GEORGE THOMPSON IN BROOKLYN.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY REV. H. W. BEECHER.

IN response to an invitation extended by the Central Republican Club, that eloquent champion of the American cause in Great Britain, GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., appeared in Plymouth church (Rev. H. W. Beecher's) on Friday evening, the 11th inst., to receive a welcome from citizens of Brooklyn. In spite of the pouring rain, a large audience convened at the appointed hour. While the people were gathering, Mr. Zundel, the distinguished organist of the Church, played a variety of patriotic airs.

At a quarter before 8 o'clock, Mr. Thompson came to the platform in company with Rev. H. W. Beecher and Gen. Duryea, and was received with great applause. Gen. Duryea came forward and said that the Central Union Club of Brooklyn had invited to this city Mr. Thompson, who had rendered to this country a most valuable service in his own land, during the continuance of our struggle with the powers of rebellion and slavery. The Association had seen fit that the words of welcome which should be delivered should come from the lips of one who had himself been witness to the great influence which had been exerted by Mr. Thompson in our behalf (cheers).

Rev. H. W. Beecher, on rising, was greeted with hearty cheers. He spoke substantially as follows:

MR. BEECHER'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Some of you do not need that I should introduce the gentleman who is to occupy your attention this evening. You remember him, for some that I see present this evening were actors of no mean repute in the beginning of that great struggle which is now drawing near to its victorious close. When the great emancipation agitation began in England, Mr. Thompson, then a young man, was called by his talent and fitness to a high position in the field, and became an indefatigable, enthusiastic, and eloquent laborer in Great Britain for the emancipation of the slaves in all their colonies. In this labor he was second to no man; and laid not only the United Kingdom, but all humane and Christian men in the world under lasting obligations to him for his zeal, and his indefatigable research in the collection of information for the people; and when at last, owing to his influence as much as that of any other man, and perhaps more, a bill was procured from Parliament for Emancipation, he could not rest; the awakening he had received bore him across the ocean to this side in the cause of liberty—to a country whose boast it was to be freer than any other under the sun; and having traversed town, village and hamlet in his own country in the cause of freedom, he came to America to be mobbed, hooted, and spit upon, as a witness for liberty here. I was just then emerging from college. I think his visit took place the very year I graduated, and I remember well the racket, uproar, and tumult. To be sure, there was this additional reason, he was a foreigner and a Britisher; but the real reason was that he was an anti-slavery man, and meant liberty when he mouthed the words of liberty; and that was the time when no man was safe in reputation, and scarce in life or limb, who dared avow himself the friend of emancipation in America.

His labor of a year in this country was unquestionably productive of much good. He returned to his own country to labor there in other fields, made a second visit to us in 1850, returned to his own country, and engaged in the humane enterprise of endeavoring to mitigate the severity of British rule in the East Indian colonies.

His whole life has been devoted to the cause of humanity. It is seldom we have the opportunity to take by the hand any man who has so long, ably, and eloquently devoted himself to the cause of human rights, without regard to class or nationality. The African, the Indian, the British workman, the American slave—any human being who needed alleviation, inspiration, and education—found in him a friend. In the later stages of the Corn Law agitation he led all other laborers and speakers.

Many affect to deride talkers and profess a love for men of deeds and actions. Good talking is good acting, or the Savior himself and his Apostles were wrong. It is a plea that strikes at the pen, the newspaper, and books—at the whole machinery by which moral influence is distributed. A good talker is one of the world's greatest workers, and if there is any man who has talked more or to better purpose than George Thompson I have yet to learn his name (applause). I did not positively know, but I had no doubt, where he would be found when I lately went a pilgrim to the Fatherland, but I soon learned that no man was before him in the field. He was upon his feet, with the same eloquence and sincerity, instructing his countrymen in the American question, taking the full measure of the Northern side (applause). You cannot be made to understand how much it cost a man in England the last three years to be on the Northern side. All the respectable and moneyed classes, in the main, were against us. The men who could afford to travel were against us. Nineteen out of twenty men that rode in the first and second class cars would bewail the successes of the North and rejoice over those of the South. The influential and successful were generally against us. In that time, Mr. Thompson, true as the magnet to the pole to his life-long fidelity to liberty, was in the field laboring in season and out of season, with tongue and pen; whenever information was needed, a movement to be made, a committee to be helped, they all knew to whom to go; whenever public men needed facts to trace American parties or to solve this or that enigma, they knew the man who could give them this information; and, though we have had many friends in Great Britain, the man we mobbed in 1834, and actually drove out of the country, was one to whom we were indebted for more of the friendship we had in the United Kingdom (applause).

For his life-long devotion to humanity, for his devoted friendship to my own dear country in this its mortal struggle, I greet him in this City of Brooklyn with a heartfelt welcome, and with peculiar pleasure in this church where I am wont to worship and over which I preside. I have known no man in my life whom I would rather see here than George Thompson (applause). And to-night let your blessing go with mine, and say to him, as I know your hearts say, that as a true and trusted friend of humanity and America he is welcome, thrice welcome to Brooklyn and to these shores (great applause).

Mr. Thompson was now greeted with long continued applause, and when quiet was restored spoke in substance as follows:

MR. THOMPSON'S ADDRESS.

I begin to feel that I am unequal to the task of constantly standing in the presence of approving and applauding audiences like that which is now before me. I am not constituted nor trained for meetings such as this. From the earliest period of my public life I have been accustomed to controversy and conflict, and find myself embarrassed before I begin to speak, when called to listen to such kind things as have been said to me this evening. Do not suspect that I have visited these shores for the purpose of receiving such marks of respect and gratitude as those which have been shown me by you. No. Any humble services which I may have endeavored to render to this country, in the hour of her trial and agony, have been performed from a desire to see the triumph of the principles for which you are contending, and with no view to honor and reward. Thanking Mr. Beecher for the cordial and flattering terms in which he has introduced me, and you, for the manner in which you have welcomed me to Plymouth church, in the City of Brooklyn, I turn from myself to speak of things which deeply concern, not only the honor and destiny of this country, but the interests of mankind, and the cause of liberty all over the world (applause).

Mr. Beecher has told you, and told you truly, that I did not wait until the tide of popular sympathy in England was turning in favor of the North, to declare myself the friend—the earnest and unreserved friend—of the cause of the free States, as opposed to the execrable objects sought by the rebel States of the South. I have always been the friend of the North, and of America at large. I have been the foe only of that accursed system which was the reproach and bane of the whole country. For thirty years, save when absent from England, I have been engaged in efforts to accomplish that upon which the Northern States have now set their hearts, and which I believe they are both determined and able to accomplish—the utter extermination of slavery, root and branch, from the soil of this Northern Continent (applause). I have lectured on the character of American slavery, and exposed its evils. I have lectured on the history of the anti-slavery movement, and have tried to do justice to those who, during three decades, have labored to teach the country at once its duty to the oppressed, and its duty to itself; I have lectured on the great political and Presidential struggles of 1852, and 1856, and 1860. I have lectured on the character and deeds, the life, death, and resurrection of that heroic and sainted man, who by wicked hands was sent from the gallows of Virginia to the glory reserved in heaven for those who are "faithful unto death"—I mean the martyr of Charlestown, John Brown (tremendous applause). O, how true are the words of one of New England's poets:

"Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne;
But, that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

That future has already come. John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave; but his soul is marching on. Yes, on to victory. A victory so near, that I trust to live to see the day, when on that consecrated spot where stood the gibbet on which the hero of Harper's Ferry was murdered, I shall proclaim the principles for which John Brown died, and celebrate their triumph in the emancipation of the last American slave (applause).

You will expect that I should say something about the state of mind in which I left my countrymen, and your kinsmen, on the other side of the water. Well, I feel bound to confess that, on many matters, especially such as relate to this country, they are, or have been, a very stupid people (laughter). Upon the whole, they are tolerably honest, but in reference to foreign affairs, often extremely obtuse. I may be expected to know something about my own countrymen, for I have been occupied during thirty years in endeavors to instruct them on various great public questions—the Anti-Slavery question, the Corn Law question, the British India question, the Suffrage, and other questions. On all these there was much ignorance and much prejudice to be overcome, as well as much opposition to be combatted. More recently, the people of England have had to be instructed in the history, constitution, politics and political parties of this country. You are much better acquainted with our country than we are with yours, and much in us that you have seen reason to blame has been the result of ignorance. During your last Presidential election, it was necessary, in order to correct misconception, that lectures should be given explanatory of the platforms of the various political parties, and what were the objects, respectively, of the supporters of Breckinridge, Bell, Douglas and Lincoln. When certain of the Southern States had withdrawn from the Union, it was necessary to explain and discuss the doctrine of State Rights, and the question whether there existed such a thing as a Constitutional right of secession. And upon that point allow me to say, that I have never entertained a doubt (loud applause). My conviction has always been that the founders of the Union intended that it should be perpetual and indissoluble, and that the Union was one, not of the States as States, but of the people—who merged their several State sovereignties in a common nationality (applause). In 1861, your countryman, Mr. Motley, wrote some admirable articles in the London *Times* on this subject. There was also a series of able papers in the London *Daily News*, in the form of a review of the work of the English advocate of secession, Mr. Spence; and we have also an able work on the question from the pen of Mr. Charles Edward Rawlins of Liverpool. The rupture of your Union, and the consequent war, have led to a much better knowledge of the structure of the American Union than was ever possessed before. Those events have called out many of the first men in our country, who, by their writings and speeches, have poured a flood of light upon the public mind. Men like the profound John Stuart Mill, Professors Cairnes, Newman, Nichol and Goldwin Smith (applause). Men like Baptist Noel and Newman Hall, and statesmen like John Bright (immense applause) and Richard Cobden. Many of our very best newspapers have, throughout the controversy, been on the right side, and have defended it with remarkable ability. Chief amongst these has been the London *Star*, the foremost friend of the North, and the most able detector of the fallacies and falsehoods of *The Times* (applause). In addition to these men and these newspapers, committees and societies have been organized throughout England, and these bodies have worked with a zeal and earnestness not exceeded by those which existed in the days of our own anti-slavery struggle. Innumerable meetings have been held; addresses to Mr. Lincoln adopted; memorials, remonstrances, protests and deputations sent to the government; fly-leaves, tracts, pamphlets, placards, etc., scattered broadcast over the country, and every other effort made which could tend to enlighten the people, and enlist their sympathy and moral support in behalf of the great struggle in which the North was engaged with the slaveholding traitors of the South (applause).

All the exertions I have referred to would have been comparatively unavailing, if there had not been a manifestation, on the part of the United States government, of a determination to grapple with the question of slavery. There was but little hearty sympathy with the North, until that series of measures was commenced which culminated in the proclamation of January, 1863 (loud applause). For myself, I may say, that from the beginning of the conflict, I saw that the struggle between the North and the South, whatever might be the ostensible objects of the war, must tend to the weakening and ultimate overthrow of slavery; and I knew, what the people of England generally did not know, the prevalence and intensity of the anti-slavery feeling of the North, and was convinced that that feeling would ultimately make the war one for the extinction of that which had caused it. But the great mass of the people wanted to see something done that should show, unmistakably, that the policy of the government was an anti-slavery policy, and that the restoration of the Union, as it was before the war, was not the sole object for which the North was fighting. The evidence required was at last furnished, and now the people of England may be relied on to give to those who are fighting, not only for the restoration of the Union, but for universal liberty, their heartiest and most unreserved support (applause).

I cannot stand in Plymouth Church, and owe my introduction to this large audience to the pastor who presides over the congregation worshipping here, without saying how grateful the friends of the good cause in England feel to Mr. Beecher, for the valuable service he rendered during his brief but memorable visit to our shores. Between the 9th and 30th of October, Mr. Beecher delivered nine public addresses—all upon the same subject—the momentous struggle between Freedom and Slavery upon this continent. I hold in my hand a collection of those speeches, as they were taken from the lips that uttered them. They are equally remarkable for their freshness and variety, their clearness and force of argument, their copiousness of illustration, their felicity of style and happy strokes of humor, their admirable good temper, and their touching pathos and elevated sentiments (loud applause). I do not desire to underrate the qualifications of the excellent Minister who represents America at the court of my beloved Sovereign, nor the importance of the services he has rendered to his country during the present crisis; but I cannot help saying that the cause of friendship and peace between the two nations would be greatly promoted, if you could always have in England, as the representative of the *people* of America such an Embassador to the *people* of England as Henry Ward Beecher (great applause).

In conclusion, Mr. Thompson expressed his unbounded satisfaction at witnessing so striking a revolution in public sentiment as that which had taken place in America since the slaveholders of the South had attempted the disintegration of the Union and the overthrow of free institutions in this country. He conjured those whom he was addressing to stand fast by the great principles upon which the Republic had been founded—to take for their motto, not "Freedom National, and Slavery Sectional," but "Freedom Universal, and Slavery Nowhere"—to establish the doctrine of liberty for all men, of all colors, and to present to the world, at the end of the contest, the spectacle of a nation in which all men were regarded as equal, and all men were equally free.

THE BILL TO EQUALIZE THE PAY OF SOLDIERS, without distinction of color, from this time onward, was passed by the Senate on the 10th inst.—yeas 31, nays 6. It contains no provision, however, for paying the colored soldiers in full for past services; a deficiency disgraceful to the Senators who refused to support that measure of simple justice.

RECONSTRUCTION IN LOUISIANA.

WE watch with deep interest and not a little anxiety the progress of the movement to reconstruct the State government of Louisiana under the Amnesty proclamation. The most earnest anti-slavery loyalists of that State, it will be remembered, had determined that the *first* step in the path of reconstruction, should be the adoption of a new State Constitution prohibiting slavery; but Gen. Banks, acting by authority of the President, and for reasons not declared, ordered an election for Governor and other State officers to be held on the 22d ult., under the old Constitution, except so far as its provisions were modified by the oath prescribed in the proclamation of Amnesty. The more radical portion of the Free State party were greatly dissatisfied with this order, fearing that it would lead to some unworthy and disastrous compromise of the slavery question, but the time and the conditions of the election being thus placed beyond their control, resistance was useless, and they resolved to enter into the canvass with spirit and secure the best results within their reach. A Convention of the Free State men was called to nominate candidates for State officers. In this Convention there were two parties, the Moderates and the Radicals, the latter being in favor of admitting to the Suffrage the free colored citizens of the State, through whose fidelity to the Union cause Gen. Butler had been able to hold New Orleans. The Moderates, who are understood to represent the wishes of Gen. Banks, prevailed in the Convention, and Hahn was nominated for Governor over Flanders, the Radical candidate. Hahn and his associates, though opposed to Black suffrage and some other measures of the Radicals, avowed themselves openly in favor of making Louisiana a free State by a Constitutional prohibition of slavery. The contest, therefore, was triangular, the Radicals, the Moderates and the open friends of Slavery and Secession, having each their candidates. The election was held on the appointed day, with the following result, as it respects the choice of Governor: Hahn (Moderate) 6,158; Flanders (Radical) 1,847; Fellows (Pro-Slavery) 2,720. Hahn's majority over both the candidates, 1,591.

It is undisputed, that Hahn was, up to the time that Gen. Butler entered New Orleans, a rebel—that after the State seceded, he accepted the appointment of Notary from the Rebel Governor, and that, at the invitation of certain ladies of the city, he presented a Secesh flag to the Calhoun Guards. After the capture of the city by the Union forces, however, he promptly took the oath of loyalty, and his partisans declare that he is a sincere friend of the Union and in favor of making Louisiana a free State. He certainly ran openly on a Free State platform, and in his inaugural address, delivered on the 4th inst., after declaring that he had always, "on all occasions, public and private, in the Congress of the nation and popular meetings, denied that the sovereign people of the State had ever seceded from the Union, or had, at any time, or even in any apparently authoritative form, given their sanction to the act by which unfaithful agents precipitated her into the rebellion," he goes on to say:

"The Union of these States, handed down by our Revolutionary ancestors, is of more value than any falsely styled "State rights," especially when those "rights" mean *sectional institutions, founded on a great moral, social and political evil, inconsistent with the principles of free government. The institution of slavery is opposed alike to the rights of one race and the interests of the other; it is the cause of the present unholy attempt to break up our government; and, unpleasant as the declaration may sound to many of you, I tell you I regard its* UNIVERSAL *and* IMMEDIATE EXTINCTION *as a public and private blessing.* It is not to be supposed that, in the adjustment of the altered relations of labor to capital, an immediate satisfactory result can be reached, although the happiest results have already been witnessed on many plantations now worked and cultivated under the compensated labor regulations of the distinguished commander of this military department. A desirable result will soon be generally attained, if the difficult matter is taken in hand as a practical question, free from the perplexities that cannot fail to encompass it, were a return to the old system among us conceivable or possible. To profit, as it is in our power at once to do, by our situation, we must dismiss dreams of the past and accept accomplished facts as they are, and as they are evermore certain to remain. In the nature of things, if we will only act as becomes sensible people, the greatness we have momentarily had eclipsed will be ours again, and secured to us by a more binding and lasting tenure than ever before. It must be based on a devotion to the Union, on a *love of liberty to all men, and on a spirit of justice and humanity.* The losses, if any, incurred by this change in our labor system by the truly loyal citizen will doubtless be properly returned to him in due season by a generous government. At an early day an election will be held for members to a Convention for the revision of our State Constitution. The importance of such an election can scarcely be exaggerated. Every citizen is deeply interested in the organic law, and that it may in all respects faithfully mirror the wishes of the people and harmonize with the spirit of the age, the people must themselves exercise all due circumspection in the selection of delegates to represent them. The Convention will doubtless provide for an early election of a Legislature. On the meeting of the latter the absorbing labor question will at once demand its most serious attention, and the importance of this alone will appeal strongly to the minds of all good citizens, so that in the election of members none unworthy from vicious habits or educational unfitness may be chosen."

Mr. Hahn, therefore, though less thorough than he might and should be, is yet, along with the great body of his supporters, distinctly pledged to an Emancipation policy; and we regard it as morally certain that, within a very short time, a Constitution prohibiting slavery in Louisiana will be duly framed and ratified. The emancipated slaves, however, we expect, will be denied the right of suffrage and placed under odious and anti-republican restrictions, born of the spirit of slavery. To prevent this, if possible, it is the duty of the friends of freedom to exert themselves to the utmost; and above all it is incumbent on them to urge upon Congress the duty of at once taking the proper steps to secure an amendment to the Constitution of the United States that shall forever prevent the re-establishment of slavery anywhere under State authority.

THE PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM.—In the Senate on the 10th inst., Mr. Sumner, from the Committee on Slavery and Freedmen, reported a bill providing that the Proclamation of Emancipation issued by the President of the United States, Jan. 1, 1863, so far as the same declares that the slaves in certain designated States and parts of States, thenceforward shall be free, is hereby adopted and enacted as a statute of the United States, and as a rule and article for the government of the military and naval forces thereof. On the previous day, Mr. Wilson, from the Military Committee, presented a bill, or resolution, affirming as follows:

"That any person born and residing in the United States, whether bond or

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March 13, 1864.

THE Washington correspondent of the Worcester (Mass.) *Spy*—understood to be Mr. Baldwin, the member of Congress from the Worcester district—thinks that I have made a mistake in supposing that the vote in the House, some time ago, printing ten thousand extra copies of the McClellan report, and the vote upon the credentials of the Arkansas representative, disclosed the fact that the Republicans are divided into "Conservatives" and "Radicals." When I noticed the McClellan vote I did not know that Mr. Baldwin voted for the resolution; if I had, I should certainly have stated that at least one staunch Radical was in favor of printing more of the McClellan report, and that this fact would show that the passage of the resolution did not necessarily indicate that the House is "Conservative." It is a fact, however, that *every member of the Opposition* and just a few Republicans voted to print the extra ten thousand copies of the book, and among this small number of Republicans I find some names which are usually quoted as "Conservatives." The correspondent of *The Spy* says:

"In regard to Congressional elections in the insurgent States, it is objected that such elections should not be treated as regular in any State where there is no loyal State government. Most of the Republicans now take this view of the matter and desire to have it control the policy of the House. They hold that, in our political system, voting representation in the House pre-supposes a State government, loyal to the nation, and that the first proof of a restoration of loyalty and order, in one of the insurgent States, should be the organization of a loyal State, under the supervision of which the election of Congressmen may take place. This question was present in the discussion of the Arkansas case; but it did not entirely control the voting on that occasion."

This is well enough, but by what sort of a vote were the credentials of the Arkansas delegate referred to the Committee of Elections? The entire Opposition vote united with about one-third of the Republicans. I am free to admit, however, that neither of these votes turned solely upon the question which divides the Conservatives from the Radicals. But I am not quite through with this Congressional correspondent, who thinks I have made a mistake in my letter. It strikes me that he has fallen into a most singular misstatement of fact. He says:

"It is said, to-day, that the Committee on Elections have voted, five to four, against the membership of several of our Border State representatives, including Cresswell of Maryland, and McClurg and Loan of Missouri. If this report proves to be correct, there will be something of a sensation in the House, on the Republican side, when the cases are presented. The friends of those gentlemen denounce the reported decision of the majority of the Committee, and maintain that there never was a more direct conflict between loyalty and disloyalty than was presented in the canvass for their election."

The misstatement of fact in the above is contained in the words, "including Cresswell of Maryland." The case of Cresswell of Maryland is not before the Committee on its merits, and there is no evidence whatever before the House or Committee in the case. It is true, however, that the Committee have agreed to recommend the House to declare the elections in these Congressional districts of Missouri void. The contest in the House will doubtless be an excited one, and the "Radicals" will vote to keep Messrs. Loan and McClurg in their seats, while the "Conservatives" will incline to vote the other way. No doubt men like Mr. Dawes of Mass., who is radically anti-slavery, will feel compelled by the facts to vote for a new election in Missouri.

The Fair of the Christian Commission in this city has been quite successful for Washington. It would be considered a failure in any Northern city, but it has raised over $20,000, which is a very large sum for a Southern town. A large proportion of the ladies who have had charge of it are of Northern origin, and they have occasionally come in conflict with the ladies who have lived in this city for many years upon the slavery question, or rather that of color. The Northern ladies were anxious that the colored people of Washington should have an opportunity to visit the Fair. The Washington women, some of them at least, objected to any such innovation, and some of them declared that "they would not wait upon niggers." The result was that the colored people have got an invitation to visit the Fair for one week, and I have not heard of any Washington lady waiting at the Fair who has resigned her place on account of this fact. The prejudice against color is gradually wearing away even in Washington. The agitation in Congress upon the subject of "colored cars" has had this effect, if no more—*enough* cars are now put on the track for the accommodation of the colored people, and I notice that the cars containing the placard, "colored persons admitted," are half-filled with white people. Fernando Wood himself is not afraid to ride in them, and was met some weeks ago by a friend riding close by a stalwart colored man. Fernando was not in the least disconcerted. The fact is, he is above the meanness of objecting to a ride in a car containing colored people, though he may be a thief, as the New York daily newspapers charge.

Daniel Breed, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Washington schools, has sent a communication to Speaker Colfax in reference to the colored schools here, which intimates very distinctly that the present law taxing the property of colored tax-payers ten per cent. for the benefit of colored schools is a failure, and he recommends other measures, as there is quite a large number of colored children anxious for education.

There is little that is new in Congress. Saturday is the great day for speeches "on the condition of the Union" in the House, and both Republicans and Democrats are exceedingly busy in getting off their campaign speeches, with the idea that Congress may adjourn at an early day. It is amusing to turn over some of these speeches, they are so crowded with "buncombe." Others are noble arguments upon the great questions of the day. The Peace men in the House hate Gen. Schenck a little worse than any other man in Congress, and their hatred of him comes out occasionally in an amusing way. They do not choose to throw down the glove for mortal combat, attacking the administration of the General in Baltimore and the "Middle Department," but they insinuate their hatred in a mean sort of way. The subjoined passage between Voorhees and Gen. Schenck occurred one day last week:

Mr. Voorhees took the floor.

Mr. Schenck—One at a time.

Mr. Voorhees—I do not expect the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs to yield to me. I ask the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Cox) to yield to me.

Mr. Schenck—I cannot yield now.

Mr. Voorhees—I have no request to make to the gentleman.

The Speaker—*The gentleman from Indiana must make his request to the gentleman from Ohio* (Mr. Schenck), *or he cannot get the floor.*

Mr. Schenck—I have yielded to my colleague.

Mr. Cox—Has this bill been printed?

Mr. Schenck—It has not been printed by order of the House, but it has been printed in *The Congressional Globe*, and in all the newspapers throughout the country.

The remark of Speaker Colfax was a withering rebuke to Mr. Voorbees.

Gen. Grant has been here for a few hours, and has gone back home, after having, it is said, given a new commander to the Army of the Potomac. There is a prospect of an active campaign in Virginia—if the mud shall dry up. But as we have had dry weather for two months, we must now expect rain for several weeks, so that no rational person can expect battles for some time to come. AVON.

AUTOGRAPH COPY OF THE PROCLAMATION.—At the Albany Fair for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission an autograph copy of the President's Proclamation of Freedom was disposed of by raffle and drawn by Gerrit Smith. The following letter from Mr. Smith speaks for itself:

PETERBORO, March 12, 1864.

WILLIAM BARNES, Esq., *Chairman, etc.:*

MY DEAR SIR: I have your letter announcing the gratifying fact that I have drawn the precious prize.

I have never been proud of owning houses and lands. But I confess that I am somewhat elated by being the owner of this glorious Proclamation of Freedom, in the very form in which it came from our President's strong and honest hand.

Various suggestions respecting my disposition of the grand paper have already been made to me. But I feel bound to adhere to my purpose when I purchased the tickets. That purpose was to let it go to the individual or association who would pay the largest price for it to the Sanitary Commission. As I believe the putting down of this infernal rebellion to be our highest and holiest work, so I recognize no other claim upon my possessions to be strong as that of the soldiers, who are prosecuting this work. But the claim of the Sanitary Commission is the claim of the soldiers—since it is the faithful and tender nurse of such of them as fall in the way from wounds or sickness.

You will please retain the Proclamation in your office until the purchaser shall call for it.

Your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

A WOMAN'S VISIT TO THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I DO not know that I particularly fancy writing to gentlemen who do not answer my letters, as is the case with you, most ungallant Mr. STANDARD, but generously I forgive you. I can afford generosity; I have become an important personage; I have been to the Army of the Potomac!

I have been to the Army of the Potomac; I have passed safely over the Long Bridge, now and then the "drop scene" in the passengers' little drama; I have looked with wondering eyes on *that* bright colored river, sparkling as innocently as the face of a coquette; I have seen the "stately mansions" wherein the F. F. V.'s sell hard cakes and heavy pies to "the vandals of the North"; I have seen the terrible earthworks from which pointed-those formidable Quaker guns, sacred to the memory of George B. McClellan; I have drummed on the dusty car-windows, waiting, like the old time waiting of the army, for no reason comprehensible to civil intelligence, for the word to "move"; I have heard an ordinary voiced conductor in every day tones announce: Alexandria, Fairfax, Bristol, Bull Run, Manassas Junction, Bealton, Kettle Run, Catlet's Station, Warrenton Junction, Rappahannock Station; names that thrill you written here, but which made our hearts bound on hearing them there; and, metaphorically only, I removed the shoes from my feet, for we were passing over holy ground.

So many thousands have passed through the "bloody field of Manassas"; so many thousands have gazed with breathless emotion over that dreary plain, from quiet little Bull Run to the far-away blue hills that first hint Manassas Gap; so many thousands have pressed forward, straining their vision as if the dull, desolate land *must* show some sign of those myriad trampling feet, chasing each other back and forth, hot and desperate, and, at last, as Anna Dickinson has it, met in the way and turned back by the Almighty Arm itself, for that our hour had not yet come; so many thousands have gone reverently over that classic, sacred ground, that broad graveyard of martyrs, vainly seeking one trace of their work, one record of their death; so many thousands have blessed those graves with grateful tears, that it were sacrilege for me to do more than mingle mine with theirs, and wonder now, as I did in passing there, that such things could be and we exist!

Every rood of land here has its history, although not a handful of ashes, not so much as a rusted iron to show where Pope's train was burnt—not a shot or shell, not a sign or symbol to tell of the terrible scenes that have made every station famous for all time. Even at Bristol, where Gen. Warren and his glorious Second Corps wrote their names in letters of gold, so recently, everything is changed. Even the officers who shared the glory of that day could scarcely recognize the place. It is filled up with soldiers' tents now; the rifle-pits are left, but they look harmless enough.

These tents, by the way, are the queerest things. They are clumped up together every little while, made of logs for two or three feet and then canvas-finished, with a wee little door, hardly big enough for Tom Thumb to enter, and all sorts of contrivances for chimneys. One had two barrels, one on the top of the other, through which a stove-pipe protruded; but they ornament their houses with evergreens, and so they look clean and pleasant. Outside of their tents the soldiers were reading, playing ball, standing guard, *walking* as sentinels, eating pies, and staring; so I guess they like their Winter quarters.

By and by our car got more animated, and the scraps of history we had been passing round found their occupation gone, for the encampments grew thicker, and dashing riders were now and then discovered in the distance, sometimes bounding towards us, and the present replaced the past. Dim figures grew to handsome officers, and flying clouds to dusty horsemen, as Gen. Sykes and his staff bounded down a slight hill to meet the train and hear "the news." Then there was racing, and curveting, and various manœuvres, of a style not in vogue at Central Park, but, taken in connection with the uniform and the "bronzed cheek," and all that sort of thing, made me say:

"Have I a lover
Who is noble and free—"

not in Emerson's highly delightful, but hardly comfortable way:

"I would he were nobler
Than to love me";

but that he were nobler than to stay at home and wear ugly black coats instead of the glorious garb of patriotism—army blue.

After a ride of five or six hours we reached our destination, Brandy Station—so named, I don't know why—where was a platform crowded with soldiers, surrounded by horses, contrabands, and ambulances, not gathered together precisely on my account, for there was to be a ball at the Second Corps Headquarters that evening, and a hundred and fifty ladies with their escorts, military and civil, shared with me the honor of that crowd. Then from that crowd sounded my name, and now the handsomest, best and bravest of all the officers there—he is a near relative, and I have a right to know—took our party from the cars, made way for us to pass the platform, and put us in an ambulance, and got our baggage, and mounted his horse, and fixed us "in line," and how strange it looked, and how queer it felt, I have no mind to tell you. I mean to take out a patent and keep those recollections to myself. Nor yet shall I undertake to tell you the history of an ambulance ride; volumes could be written on the subject, and volumes remain to be written. An ambulance ride is something you must try for yourself, and having outlived an ambulance ride, I am no longer afraid of anything's killing me. First you sit in the middle of the seat, which is like that of an omnibus, and the driver tightens the reins, and you find yourself on the floor. One minute you face North, another minute you are turned South; one minute you kneel on the floor, the next you hit the canvas top; now you bump the driver, and now you are scrambling not to fall out at the back; and all with such delightful unexpectedness, and such endless variety, that each step of the horses brings you a new experience.

It was pleasant, when one's position admitted, to look back at the long train of ambulances, catching vivid ideas of floating veils and streaming ribbons, and not unmindful of the brave cavaliers dashing at either side.

They have no fences in this country; the soil looks dull, and the grass is thin and stunted; the weather was charming, and as there was nothing to prevent it, the soft fresh breeze blew freely in our faces, seeming to assure us of its loyalty and good faith. One or two houses are left occupied by their owners, but quite surrounded by the huts and tents of the soldiers. One of these furnished dressing rooms for the ball. This being a good opening, I skip the hospital tents, beautifully embowered in evergreens, the Corps Headquarters, with Gen. Warren's own little cabin, even the dinner with all manner of luxuries, peas, corn, etc., served, I am bound to confess, on a *rather* tiltish table, and come at once to the ball.

A large hall with a spring floor, canvas covered, had been built especially for the purpose. It was brilliantly lighted by half circles of candles, row after row, all around the room, and hung with the various flags of the Corps regiments. Each flag had its history. One or two were fresh and bright, but the greater number were rent and stained in every conceivable manner. The Tammany flag owned but one gash, but it was a large one; the Twelfth New Jersey's hung in narrow ribbons—Chancellorsville had something to do with that; a beautiful white flag, with the motto, "GOD AND OUR COUNTRY," belonging, I think, to the Third Division, with others more or less suggestive of "hard times," blended their lines as they gracefully drooped from the ceiling, and ornamented the walls. Around each pillar, well above the floor, were a number of bright shining muskets, *stacked*, I believe, they call it; and on the stage, on either side of the musicians, a brass gun faced us, near a tent that looked about big enough for a doll's play-house, which, I was told, was the shelter tent soldiers carry with them on the march. All these things were but fitting accompaniments for the officers, who in their uniforms made a wonderful contrast to the cold, stiff civilian dress of to-day, and gave great brilliancy and picturesqueness to the room. The ladies' toilettes were the same as they would be at a party in New York, with a larger proportion of silks, perhaps.

Of course I saw many bearing names not born to die, and was polite to everybody, not knowing but the quietest captain or lieutenant there may one of these days outshine our brightest luminary of to-day. I saw Gen. Meade, who is tall and slender, has a full iron gray beard, wears eye-glasses, and did not strike me as more formidable and ferocious than other men. I saw Gen. Kilpatrick, who, instead of being the tall, dashing flashing-eyed hero of our imagination, is small and slight, with lightish hair, and laughs unceasingly. I saw Gen. Sedgewick, who is merry looking, and not at all the austere patriot he has been represented; and so on to the end of the list.

The ball was a brilliant success; it was made very select, and was as well conducted as the most fastidious could desire, and more brilliant than any we had ever seen.

The next day, to give pleasure to the Corps' visitors, Gen. Warren had the Corps reviewed which was as great a treat to many of us as the ball. We were not surprised to see that those who had danced all night with spirit, rode all day right gallantly. A review is a wonderful thing for a civilian's eye, especially if that eye be feminine. Some felt pain to see the torn battle-flags, and the thin regiments, that had gone down so fresh and fearlessly, but the long lines of cavalry, headed by Gen. Kilpatrick and his staff, the artillery rumbling along behing Gen. Warren and his staff, and the infantry with their bayonets multiplying the bright sunshine, gave such an exalted idea of numbers, and force, and power, and beauty, and greatness to less experienced eyes, that I, for one, could only feel my heart full of pride and delight, knowing that only victory and honor can be their final end.

One more pleasant evening finished our visit and the brief season of the Second Corps, and we retired to our respective homes charmed with everything we had seen, and proud to our hearts' core of our army, which will be ever dearer to us that our own eyes have borne evidence to its greatness.

And now, if any cowardly civilian, who has staid at home, hugging his money-bags and his ease, sitting in his arm chair over his comfortable fire, while these men have been standing between him and ruin, between him and death, grumbles because his protectors and defenders have come out from their rough tents for a few hours' enjoyment, I can only wish him gout, dyspepsia, bankruptcy, ruin, starvation, and the draft. The Second Corps has well earned its right to any recreation, and long may it live to enjoy it. All honor to our army; to see it is to renew your faith, and take the bounds from your hope. S. M. B.

Feb. 27, 1864.

THE TAMMANY DEMOCRACY.

THE Tammany wing of the New York Democracy, disgusted by the Copperhead action of the State Democratic Convention, have set up a war platform for themselves, containing the following "planks":

"We believe that the Constitution has survived the Rebellion, and that, although traitors have forfeited their lives to the government, the States live with their rights unimpaired.

"We believe that slavery, as a subject of political agitation, has passed from the politics of this country; and that there should be but one party of the patriotic men of the land, devoted wholly to the restoration of the Union and the supremacy of the Constitution, surrendering all subordinate issues. If the Union is saved, every wrong can be righted; if the Union is lost, all is lost.

"We believe that the want of statesmanship—the military mismanagement—the idle and unconstitutional proclamations—the arbitrary, despotic and unnecessary arrests, and the gross and unprecedented corruptions of the present Administration have unreasonably prolonged the war; caused military failures where success would otherwise have been certain; exasperated the rebellion; weakened the power of the government; overwhelmed our people with taxation, and brought the nation to the verge of financial ruin.

"We believe that the next President should be selected from the men schooled in the trying events of the time, who have exhibited warlike ability and practical statesmanship—such as Grant, McClellan, Hancock, Thomas, Sherman and others who might be named; and we believe that those who have best served their country deserve her highest honors."

A Tammany Democrat in the State Legislature, Mr. Bryant, seems disposed to go still further. On Monday last he submitted to the Assembly the following resolutions, which we hope that body will make haste to pass:

Whereas, In the present crisis of the country a speedy and successful conclusion of the War should be the chief and controlling purpose of the government, and such a termination of the struggle now progressing against an atrocious Rebellion can best be achieved by a final and constitutional abrogation of its radical cause, the system of African slavery; and

Whereas, Slavery is practically annihilated by the War, and its prohibition in all the States upon a basis authorizing Congress to protect the rights of loyal owners of slaves, would provide the most practical form of conciliation with which we could follow up the march of our victorious arms; and

Whereas, Such final and constitutional abrogation of slavery would clear the path of our manifest destiny, in the acquisition and development of necessary territory and its industrial organization as new, or as regenerated States, and also restore us to the position of a united people, where we can declare and enforce the integrity and the exclusive prerogative of democratic institutions on the American continent, as against any invading or usurping foreign power; therefore,

Resolved (if the Senate concur), In pursuance of these reasons our Senators in Congress be instructed and our Representatives requested to prepare and submit for adoption by the Legislatures of the several States such just and proper amendment to the Constitution of the United States as shall forever prohibit and terminate the system of African slavery in the United States.

The proposition to amend the Constitution is evidently gaining favor with the people every day. Send in the petitions!

OBITUARY.

CAPT. JAMES BARNABY.

Died in Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, March 4th, 1864, Capt. JAMES BARNABY, aged 45 years.

Something more than a year ago he was assigned, as Commissary of Subsistence, to the army of Western Virginia, and stationed on the Kanawha. By his prompt and scrupulous attention to his duties he won the respect of his fellow-officers and the confidence of the soldiers. He has been known for many years in the community where he lived as a public spirited, and useful citizen, and not less distinguished for his private and social virtues.

He was attacked with typhoid fever, in October last, at his military post. In December he was sufficiently recovered to travel to his home in Ohio, but his health continued to decline till death terminated his useful life. The immediate cause of his death was disease of the lungs.

The discourse delivered at his funeral by MARIUS R. ROBINSON, formerly editor of *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*, and for many years his intimate friend and fellow-laborer, will be found on the fourth page.

ROBERT SMITH BAIRD.

Died at Salem, Ohio, February 28th, 1864, ROBERT SMITH BAIRD, aged about 38 years. His illness, caused by inflammation of the brain, was very brief.

A kind and trusted father and husband, his house was the abode of confidence and love, and no suffering brother ever asked his aid and failed to receive it with his hearty sympathy. In him were happily united those elements which go to make up a good moral character. He understood what was meant by moral principle and knew its value in human character and human society. He ever preferred to stand with the few in the right, rather than go with the multitude to do evil. He consecrated himself to the anti-slavery work, advocating its claims from day to day as opportunity offered. His life was thus a daily, living testimony for the truth against unprincipled time-servers, ecclesiastical and political. His transparent honesty, his unselfish, laborious fidelity compelled the respect even of the unprincipled, who hated the cause he loved and served. He rejoiced most exceedingly that church and government now at length were paying homage, reluctant though it might be, to the principles of justice which he loved. As he had mourned with the weeping slave, so whenever a fetter was broken his heart thrilled with sympathizing joy. A good man has left us, one whom his family and society can ill spare.

JOHN CLARK.

Died at Deerfield, Mahoning Co., Ohio, on the 24th of February, 1864, of consumption, JOHN CLARK. He was eminently a good man, thoroughly imbued with the love of truth and moral principle, and faithful in the discharge of all the duties of his sphere in life. Guileless and tender-hearted as a child, he abhorred pretence, hypocrisy and wrong, and was an earnest, faithful friend of the slave. Well, indeed, would it be for the world if more of far greater pretension to sanctity and religion were his equals in purity of life and patient fidelity to every good principle and work of love.

THE COLONIZATION HUMBUG.—The advocates of African colonization have ever boasted that *they* were *practical* men, not led away by the wild schemes of the "fanatical" Abolitionists. The plans of these two classes have been put to the test in the last three years, and experience has conclusively proved, that while the scheme of colonization is wild, delusive and impracticable, that of emancipation on the soil, which the "fanatical" Abolitionists have always supported, works happily for all classes. The head of our slow-going but honest President was for a time filled with colonization cobwebs, but the miscarriage of all his schemes, and the numerous demonstrations of the safety and practicability of emancipation have served, we hope, to clear his brain of such folly. Some time ago the House of Representatives called for information relative to the Colonization fund appropriated by the last Congress to enable the President to deport hence persons of color. A reply has been furnished that the sum of $33,226 has been drawn from the Treasury up to the present time. $250,000 was drawn by the Hon. S. C. Pomeroy for South American Colonization, but which was not carried into effect, owing to the remonstrances of the governments of the countries to which it was proposed to transport negro colonists. No specific practical results of the expenditure are given. A special agent, it appears, has been sent to the island of Hayti to inquire into the reported facts attending the distressed condition of a large party of negro emigrants from this country. We observe with satisfaction that Mr. Wilkinson of Minnesota has introduced a bill in the Senate to repeal all acts making appropriations for the colonization of persons of African descent; and we hope it may be speedily passed.

Thus does the boasted wisdom of "Conservatism" turn out to be folly, while the "fanaticism" of the "crazy Radicals" is proved by experience to be the highest wisdom.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.—In the House on Monday Mr. Arnold of Illinois introduced a bill providing for a permanent peace by removing the cause of the war. It provides that from and after the passage of this bill slavery shall be abolished in all the States and Territories where it now exists. Referred to the Committee of the Judiciary.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

CALL FOR 200,000 MEN.

The President has issued another call for two hundred thousand troops, in addition to all former calls. Voluntary enlistments may be made up to April 15, when a draft is ordered in all districts deficient in their quotas. The draft will proceed as soon after the date as practicable. Present bounties (extra) will be paid to April 1, after which time only one hundred dollars regular bounty will be paid.

IMPORTANT CHANGES.

The President, by an order issued on Monday, made the following military assignments: First, Lieut.-Gen. Grant is assigned to the command of the armies of the United States; head-quarters to be in Washington, and also with Lieut.-Gen. Grant in the field. Second, Maj.-Gen. Halleck is relieved from duty as General-in-Chief and assigned to special duty at Washington as Chief of the Staff of the army. Third, Maj.-Gen. Sherman is assigned to the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, lately commanded by Gen. Grant and comprising the Departments of the Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee and Arkansas. Fourth, Maj.-Gen. McPherson is assigned to the command of the Department of Tennessee, recently commanded by Gen. Sherman.

It is understood that the President in making these assignments has been guided solely by the suggestions of Lieut.-Gen. Grant. In relieving Maj.-Gen. Halleck from duty as General-in Chief, the President expresses his approbation and thanks for the able and zealous manner in which the arduous and responsible duties of that position have been performed.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

KILPATRICK'S RAID—THE FIRST BLACK TRAITOR.

The correspondent of *The Times*, in his account of Gen. Kilpatrick's raid toward Richmond, says:

"The negroes everywhere, as usual, manifested great delight at seeing a column of Yankees, and acted unreservedly, as though they expected to find them all friends, and aided the expedition in various ways. They could always tell where corn could be found for the horses, and where provisions and horses had been concealed. They frequently gave valuable information as to the location of the enemy's pickets, of the presence of scouts in the neighborhood, and could tell when the last Confederate soldier had passed along the road. These services were rendered freely and without hesitation, often without the asking. Their services were brought into requisition in destroying railroads, and in one instance, at least, they continued the work of destruction after the troops had left the spot, saying as the column moved off, "We'll catch up." Nearly all asked permission to come along, and many did so without asking the privilege, seeming to take it as a matter of course that they were expected to join the command. There was no large number of negroes in any one place—but there were a few found in every locality—just enough, the whites said, to raise crops for the local population to consume. Only about one million dollars worth of this kind of property was brought away. Many of the negroes and negresses gave out on the long marches, and were left on the road. One squad of stout-limbed and stout-hearted women marched for two days with the command, and were finally rewarded by reaching Gen. Butler's lines, where they have some rights that white men are bound to respect under the present *régime*."

One negro, however, proved treacherous. The correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"Col. Dahlgren had taken a negro to pilot him to Richmond. His detachment had rapidly moved across the country, destroying barns, forage and everything which could possibly be of service to the enemy. Pushing on so as to reach Richmond as soon as possible, Col. Dahlgren discovered that his negro guide had betrayed him, and led him toward Goochland instead of to Richmond, and Tuesday, midnight, found himself miles in just the opposite direction from that which he wished to take. The negro was promptly hanged for his baseness."

NEGRO ENLISTMENTS IN KENTUCKY.

The Louisville correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, under date March 7, says: "Enrolling negroes in this State [under the law recently passed by Congress] has begun. Four hundred dollars [$100 bounty—$300 purchase money] is for each slave considered full compensation to the loyal owner. A lot of negroes lately brought in Henderson an average of $232.50. The feeling seems spreading that Kentucky had better fill her own quota with negroes than suffer them any longer to cross the Ohio river and Tennessee border and fill the quotas of other States. Intelligent Kentuckians assert that if, to-morrow, Congress should offer to this people a fair compensation for their slaves, it would be accepted almost unanimously; that, at the present rate at which slaves are running off, in two years from now the institution will be removed from the State, and that as a political power it will be dead after this year."

FRANKFORT, Ky., March 12, 1864.

It is understood that Gov. Bramlette has addressed an earnest remonstrance to the President respecting the enrolment and enlistment of slaves in Kentucky, and has notified the President that he will execute the laws of Kentucky against all who attempt to take slaves from their owners without their consent. He claims that Kentucky has furnished more than fifty thousand of her sons to defend the government, and is willing to furnish still more—all that are allotted to her—that she has proved her loyalty and must be treated as a loyal State, and that her Constitution and laws must be respected.

AN ORDER BY GEN. ROSECRANS.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI, ST. LOUIS, Tuesday, March 1, 1864.

I. Missouri, for the coming year, needs all the slave and other labor she has within her own border. Humanity, as well as justice, forbids sending away to other States our helpless slaves. Moreover, bad men have been engaged in stealing and carrying negroes out of the State, and selling even those who are free. The exportation of negroes from Missouri is therefore prohibited. Nevertheless, the interests of the service demand that all able-bodied slaves fit for military duty in this department be received to fill up the quotas of the various districts required by the draft. Every one is therefore interested in having them promptly enlisted.

II. All officers acting under orders of the Provost Marshal-General, and all Commanders of troops in this department, will see that this order is obeyed within their respective districts or commands, and will promptly arrest all who attempt to violate it, and send them to their district headquarters for trial and punishment for violation of military orders.

III. Officers enlisting slaves will be careful to take none unfit for service; but when they take a slave recruit, the master must receive the descriptive list specified in paragraph V, General Orders No. 135, of Nov. 4, 1863, from the head-quarters, evidencing this claim on the government, and the result is thenceforth under the charge of the United States, and if found unfit for service on a final examination, is entitled to a discharge and his freedom. By command of

Maj.-Gen. ROSECRANS.

HARD NUTS TO CRACK—THE MISSISSIPPI GUARDED BY BLACKS.

Few people are aware of the large number of impregnably fortified works that are being constructed along the Mississippi river by our troops—mainly by our negro troops. By *impregnable* we do not mean that all these works are absolutely beyond the possibility of capture by any conceivable force; but simply that they cannot be taken by any enemy that could be marched or massed against them—not, for instance, by the whole military power of the Southern Confederacy, much less by the combined armies and navies of France and England. The rebels indicated to us what were the strongest natural positions on the river; and some of them they made a hard effort to hold, but in each and every instance they failed for want of the proper appliances. These positions, such as Port Hudson, Vicksburg and others, have been taken hold of by our troops, and around them have been built new works, compared with which the rebel works were contemptible, while our appliances of artillery and our iron-clad naval supports add indefinitely to their superiority. We venture to say that if Jeff. Davis were to marshal all the armies of the South against *Vicksburg*, he could not capture it in twenty years, nor, for that matter, in twenty centuries. And there are twenty places on the Mississippi river of which the same thing might be said.—*Times.*

GALLANTRY OF NEGRO CAVALRY.

The Norfolk correspondent of Bennett's *Herald*, in his account of the recent fight near that place, bears this testimony:

"Two companies of Colonel Cole's colored cavalry, it appears, were surrounded by the enemy lying in ambush waiting for them, when a third company went to their rescue. This company dismounted, sent their horses to the rear, and went in on foot, and right gallantly the three companies fought. They cut their way through the encompassing rebels, completely routed them, and came away with the loss of only some half a dozen wounded and ten men taken prisoners. A reconnoissance was being made by these companies, the third being held in reserve, and hence the ambush and attack. Gen. Heckman compliments highly the coolness and valor of the colored troops. No officers were killed; but three were wounded—Capt. Dollard and Lieuts. Dodge and McLew—none of them seriously."

EXAMINATION OF OFFICERS FOR COLORED TROOPS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1864.

The board for the examination of applicants for commissions in regiments of colored troops holds daily sessions and is never without candidates. In order to save time, expense and disappointment to persons desiring to appear before this Board, the following observations are submitted:

Applications to be examined should be made by letter or in person to Major C. W. Foster, Chief of the Colored Bureau, War Department, Washington, D. C. Applicants should be recommended by some well-known citizen or officer of the army. With the permit granted by Major Foster, the applicant awaits his turn to be examined by Gen. Casey and officers on his staff, all of whom have been selected from the volunteer service, and have had much practical experience in command of troops.

The candidate is first examined in tactics, to ascertain if he is capable of handling, disciplining and drilling troops. He is next examined in army regulations, to ascertain if he is capable of providing for and subsisting troops; for it would be inhuman to trust to the care of an officer ignorant of the routine of military duty, a body of helpless men, to be governed only by military law. He is then examined in arithmetic, to learn whether he is capable of making out a soldier's descriptive list or final statement and keeping accounts. This is demonstrated to be necessary by the fact that a large per centage of those rejected heretofore were not capable of discharging such duty.

The applicant is then examined in history and geography, to show whether or not he is totally illiterate, for it is deemed unwise to put a man in command of negro troops as illiterate as themselves.

Candidates are not selected from any particular walk of life. It is insisted upon, however, that the appointees possess a thorough knowledge of tactics and regulation, together with a reasonable English education. As a class, farmers' sons, who have had the advantages of good common schools, are the most intelligent, and are best fitted, by habit and education, for the command sought.

There are many persons, and among them members of Congress, who regard the regiments of colored troops as a sort of privileged sinecure for poor relations, and are often offended at their failure, through this Board, to promote to responsible positions young men wholly unfit for the office. There are others vain enough to suppose that a few months' service, regardless of real ability to command, is a sufficient passport to high position in these regiments. Others seem to think that anybody is good enough to command "negro troops," but the Board is of opinion, that unless the colored regiments are officered by men much superior to the majority of officers in the volunteer service, they will be of very little service to the government.

Intelligent men of good habits and of fair military knowledge are much needed. Officers who are capable of inspiring the confidence of these troops, and, not only willing but able also, to instruct, guide, and lead them, are almost certain to be commissioned. Men devoid of knowledge and character should not apply.

A large number of privates have passed for lieutenants, while corporals and sergeants have passed for captains, and in a few instances for higher grades; but applicants must study tactics thoroughly before coming to the examination, and not rely on what they have picked up in the service. Otherwise they are almost certain to be rejected.

Since the organization of the Board 1,516 applicants have been examined; of these eight have been recommended for Colonels, twenty for Lieut.-Colonels, thirty for Majors, one hundred and seventy nine for Captains, two hundred and eight for First Lieutenants, three hundred and fifty-two for Second Lieutenants, and seven hundred and nineteen were rejected. It often happens that officers who for two years have been commanding troops are unable to pass Gen. Casey's Board. Of four Colonels examined, two were recommended for Majors, and two were rejected. Twenty-one out of sixty-four Captains have been rejected, and fifty-six Sergeants have been made Captains, and three First Lieutenants have been made Colonels.

THE ENROLLMENT OF SLAVES.

The following section of the new Enrollment law we put on record here for the information of our readers:

Sec. 25. And be it further enacted, That all able-bodied male colored persons between the ages of twenty and forty-five years, resident in the United States, shall be enrolled according to the provisions of this act and of the act to which this is an amendment, and form part of the national forces; and when a slave of a loyal master shall be drafted and mustered into the service of the United States, his master shall have a certificate thereof, and thereupon such slave shall be free, and the bounty of one hundred dollars, now payable by law for each drafted man, paid to the person to whom such drafted person was owing service or labor at the time of his muster into the service of the United States. The Secretary of War shall appoint a Commission in each of the slave States represented in Congress, charged to award to each loyal person to whom a colored volunteer may owe service a just compensation, not exceeding three hundred dollars, for each such colored volunteer, payable out of the fund derived from commutations, and every such colored volunteer on being mustered into the service shall be free. And in all cases when men of color have been heretofore enlisted, or have volunteered in the military service of the United States, all the provisions of this act, so far as the payment of bounty and compensation are provided shall be as equally applicable as to those who may be hereafter recruited. But men of color drafted or enlisted, or who may volunteer into the military service, while they shall be credited on the quotas of the several States or subdivisions of States wherein they are respectively drafted, enlisted, or shall volunteer, shall not be assigned as State troops, but shall be mustered into regiments or companies as United States colored volunteers.

The following circular in regard to the enrollment of slaves under the above provision has been issued:

WAR DEPARTMENT, PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, Feb. 29, 1864.

CIRCULAR, No. 8.—I. Pursuant to section 25 of the act approved Feb. 24, 1864, amendatory of the act of March 3, 1863, boards of enrollment in districts in which there are any colored persons held to service, will, without delay, proceed to enroll all such persons as are liable to military duty.

II. Enrolling officers will conduct the enrollment in the manner prescribed by existing orders and regulations, and such other directions as the Acting Assistant Provost-Marshals General of the States may give.

III. Enrollment lists will be made upon the printed forms (Nos. 35 and 36), altering the heading to suit; and in the column headed "former military service," the name of the person to whom service is owed will be written.

IV. A list, with a recapitulation of the number enrolled, will be made for each sub-district, and as soon as the enrollment of the district is completed, these lists will be forwarded to the Acting Assistant Provost-Marshal General. Copies of the list will be kept in the offices of the District Provost-Marshal. Those lists by sub-districts will not be consolidated.

V. The Provost-Marshal will furnish each person to whom the persons owe service, a list of those owing service to him who have been enrolled, specifying their names, ages, and date of enrollment.

VI. It is made the duty of the Acting Assistant Provost-Marshal General to superintend this enrollment, and to give such orders and directions as may be necessary to make it accurate and complete.

JAMES B. FRY, Provost-Marshal General.

SLAVES LIBERATED IN MISSISSIPPI.

A correspondent of *The Tribune*, in his report of Gen. Sherman's recent raid in Mississippi, says: "Ten thousand slaves were liberated from cruel bondage, and a full brigade of athletic colored troops will immediately be organized. The slaves form a most mournful curiosity, with their lacerated backs, branded faces, and ragged garments. Such a heterogeneous collection of humanity was perhaps never before gathered together. They embrace both sexes of every shade of complexion, and vary in age from one month to one hundred years. The simple tales of horror which these injured people narrate are sufficient to chill the blood of the most stoical." Another correspondent of the same paper writes: "Near Decatur our boys were guided to a quantity of cotton hidden in an obscure locality, by some negroes acquainted with the fact, and indeed everywhere the blacks testified unmixed delight at our approach, frequently meeting us with their wives and children, 'toting' their little all along with them, and apparently fully satisfied of the advent of the 'day of jubilo.' Repeatedly were our men advised of the hiding-places of hordes of bacon, pork, hams, stock carriages, etc., the movements of rebel military and the whereabouts of citizens fighting in the rebel army. It is in vain that the people have sought to inspire them with aversion and terror of our Northern, especially Yankee, soldiers. They know better, and in spite of the habit of years to obey and believe their masters, they will not believe what they say, but preferring to cut loose forever from the associations of youth and all of home they know, throw themselves upon the uncertain issue of their new condition with a faith that is sublime.

"From 5,000 to 7,000 of these people accompanied the triumphal return of Sherman's expedition, and I defy any human being with as much feeling in his bosom as even Legree in Mrs. Stowe's immortal story, to look on such a scene unmoved. Old men with the frosts of nin

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone,
That used to be playing about my knee,
With their noisy mirth and boisterous glee?
Who littered the carpets and misplaced the chairs,
And scattered their playthings all unawares;
Who called for their suppers with eager shout,
And while they were getting, ran in and out;
Who kept all the apples and nuts from spoiling,
And never saved jackets nor pants from soiling;
Had ever a want and ever a will
That added a care to my heart, until
I sometimes sighed for the time to come
When they'd all be big and go out from home.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
There are no little faces to wash to-night,
No little troubles for mother to right,
No little blue eyes to be sung to sleep,
No little playthings to put up to keep,
No little garments to be hung on the rack,
No little tales to tell, no nuts to crack,
No little trundle-bed, brimful of rollick,
Calling for mamma to settle the frolic,
No little soft lips to press me with kisses—
(O! such a sad, lonely evening as this is!)
No little voices to shout with delight,
"Good night, dear mamma, good night, good night."
Silent the house is; no little ones here,
To startle a smile or chase back a tear.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
It seemeth but yesterday since they were young;
Now, they are all scattered, the world's paths among.
Out where the great rolling trade-stream is flowing;
Out where new fire-sides with love-lights are glowing;
But where in the graves their life-hopes are sleeping,
Not to be comforted—weeping, still weeping;
Out where the high hills of science are blending
Up 'mid the cloud-rifts, up, up, still ascending,
Seeking the sunshine that rests on the mountain,
Drinking and thirsting still, still at the fountain;
Out in life's thoroughfares all of them moiling;
Out in the wide, wide world, striving and toiling.
Little ones, loving ones, playful ones, all,
That went when I bade, and came at my call,
Have ye deserted me? Will ye not come
Back to your mother's arms—back to the home?

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
Useless my cry is. Why do I complain?
They'll be my little ones never again!
Can the great oaks to the acorns return?
The broad rolling stream flow back to the byrne?
The mother call childhood again to her knee,
That in manhood went forth the strong and the free?

Nay, nay, no true mother would ask for them back;
Her work nobly done, their firm tramp on life's track
Will come like an organ note, lofty and clear,
To lift up her soul and her spirits to cheer!
And though the tears fall, when she's silent and lone,
She'll know it is best they are scattered and gone!
Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Thy will, O Father, not my will, be done!

TRIBUTE TO A GOOD MAN.

A DISCOURSE,

Delivered on occasion of the Funeral of Capt. JAMES BARNABY, *at Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, March 6th*, 1864.

BY M. R. ROBINSON.

Published in THE STANDARD by request.

It was the request of our departed friend that I should address some remarks to those who should assemble on the occasion of his funeral. I cannot better discharge this trust than by referring to some of his opinions and to some of the events of his life, as illustrating his principles. His opinions may not all be acceptable to you, yet it may be profitable to look at them as *his* in connection with his life. His opinions of theology may be pronounced dangerous by the Church, yet his life will bear comparison with the most devout believer's; illustrating a truth he believed, viz: that opinions on theology afford no reliable test of moral character. Principle is a test. If his life, the fruit of his principles, be beautiful to the eye, luscious to the taste, and nourishing to the moral life, then have we high authority for saying that such fruit is not the growth of the thorns and brambles of error.

. . . . . To the weary, worn and scarred with life's toils and battles, to those who have striven to fill well the measure of life's usefulness and duty, Death is a welcome messenger of rest—a friend, a guide, to lead them from the discharged duties of this life to the unknown activities, responsibilities and joys of that to come. This welcome of death, this confidence in the future, is not, as many teach, confined to those who accept particular opinions in philosophy or dogmas and forms of religion. The ignorant, the bigoted, may be thus narrow in their views, and deal damnation out to all who do not believe the truths and falsehoods which they receive. But such is not the inspiration of the common Father. Not such the truth he teaches in that most wonderful and sacred of all revelations, the intellectually and morally organized human being; a revelation read alike by all nations, understood alike by all sects, Pagan, Mohammedan, Jew and Christian. It comforted the bereaved Jew and the mourning Greek, as it does our sorrowing hearts to-day.

Of the form and manner of existence beyond the grave we are ignorant. Indeed, how little do we know of the present life! Poets and prophets may sing of the flowing melody and golden streets of the New Jerusalem. It is well. They record the revelation of "hope," which "springs immortal in the human breast," affirming the future of an intelligent existence; giving us reason to believe in, to trust to and prepare for that future. And reason, observation and experience assure us that the future will bring us good or ill, as we conform to or reject the laws of our being and of the universe. Most men habitually trust the innate conviction from which this hope springs. It is like the conviction every man has of his right to life and liberty. Argument and reason add little to its force and have little power to weaken or destroy it. You cannot degrade a slave so low that he does not know he has a right to liberty. The conviction is a part of his being. So is also the feeling that he is immortal.

It is perhaps true that this conviction was less strong with our friend than with most men. So he himself thought. He was one of that comparatively small class who seem to require all truth, even moral and spiritual, to be demonstrated by mathematical or material processes. . . . .

I can best convey his views and feelings on this subject by quoting a conversation I had with him a few weeks since, after he had given up all hope of recovery, and while calmly awaiting the arrival of the hour which should open this unexplored future to his view.

Speaking of Alger's "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life," he said: "Such a work must be interesting if it states the facts with fairness." He continued: "That the vast majority of men have believed in a future—that the greatest and best men of the world have believed in it, certainly entitles it to our consideration, and is one of the highest evidences of that future. And, moreover, there seems to be in this life a great waste of labor in what is evidently a real and direct preparation for it, if there be no hereafter. The analogical argument is good of its kind, but then there are offsets and drawbacks, which prevent its being more than corroborative. It seems to me that those who attempt to establish the doctrine by logical argument show that they do not deem their argument conclusive. The highest evidence is that instinctive belief and trust in it, which seems almost universal with the race, but to which I seem to be an exception. It seems as though I must be differently organized from other people."

I remarked, "I can rely on that conviction with an assurance of certainty."

"I have not that assurance of faith," he replied, "but perhaps it is somewhat owing to my organization—perhaps to my education—and perhaps somewhat to both. My parents were Friends. From a conviction of duty they refrained from communicating to me any knowledge of religious opinions. We lived quite distant from the place of meeting, so that I never heard a sermon or attended a religious meeting until I was twelve years old. Previous to that time I have no recollection of any impressions, such as men call religious. When eight years of age, I had received no impressions concerning a God, though I had caught the idea that there was a Devil, a malignant being, who pursued and punished the wicked. My attendance upon religious meetings commenced just at the time of the division of the Society of Friends, and the manner and temper of that religious conflict did not highly commend religion to my approval, as I understood those Friends to be its representatives. Now I first learned of the claims of the Bible to be divinely inspired, and at the same time I learned there were infidels, who denied its infallible inspiration. So that, with perhaps an exceptional organization, unfitting me for religious beliefs and impressions, my first opportunities were not favorable to the formation of religious opinions."

He added: "My lack of faith originates no fears for the future. The orthodox idea of a miserable eternity seems to me so utterly absurd and impossible, that I feel as though I had the conviction of knowledge that it cannot be true. Hence I am at ease about the future."

Such were his views on this subject in the vigor of life; such were they as he peacefully entered the shadow of the grave. That he was really at ease concerning the future was manifest from his whole demeanor during the tedious weeks he suffered and waited, expecting almost daily his change to come. He spoke with calmness of the event, making all his business preparations with the quiet consideration with which he would have prepared for a return to his military post, or for any other journey. If, then, as we are taught, it be true that a willingness to die is evidence of preparation for the event, then we know that in this, as in many other cases, preparation is not dependent on profession of orthodox views of theology, but rather upon character, and confidence in the righteous laws of the universe. Guilt it is which brings terror for the future of this side the grave, and beyond.

It will be rightly inferred from these statements that his opportunities for early education were limited. But, hungering after knowledge, he diligently improved whatever means were at his disposal during his boyhood, and as soon as in early manhood he could command his own time, he devoted all his energies to the acquisition of an education, alternating labor and teaching with study for several years. Indeed, amidst all his avocations during his business life, he was a diligent student. In thoroughness of knowledge of the ordinary branches of science, he was superior to many who are said to have received a liberal education.

He was an active friend of popular education, and by public lectures and otherwise contributed to the introduction of our common school system, so well designed to throw the means of education within the reach of all. He was earnest in this, appreciating its importance from his own lack of early opportunity.

In one respect our friend failed in life. He failed to get rich. He desired wealth, as other good men do, for that which it brings. He desired it for himself, for his family, that he might minister good to others, and latterly, after pecuniary misfortune overtook him, he desired it more than ever, that he might make good the losses which others sustained through his mistakes. He had many of the elements of success. His perceptions were quick and clear, his intellectual powers quite above the average of men; industry and application were marked characteristics of his life; and yet he failed of business success. He did so in great part because of the controlling power of the better elements of his nature. His benevolence was too comprehensive and active to permit him to devote all to himself. There are reckless speculators, who get rich by luck; there are hard-hearted villains, who rob the poor and win by their knavery; and the man of plodding industry may get rich, if he holds his gains with the miser's clutch. Our friend was not of these. He hated robbery and scorned meanness; and what his industry won his benevolence dispensed.

After all was lost, he rallied to a desperate venture to retrieve the past. He left his home to prosecute what promised to be a successful business. But the winds and the waves fought against him, and neither labor nor patience could succeed. It all resulted in making more utter the wreck of his hopes, in breaking his spirit, destroying his health, and laying the foundation of that disease, the result of which overshadows our souls with sorrow to-day. If there be those who, grieving for their losses, have thought or felt hardly towards him in the past, let them look at his expiation, now consummated in his grave, and learn how deeply he deplored their loss. Their case occasioned the regrets that burdened his last hours. On one occasion, speaking of these creditors, he said with a tone of sadness I can never forget: "I must leave them; I can do nothing for them."

. . . . He was a Reformer, earnestly seeking to remove whatever of wrong or suffering was within his reach. To this his clear moral perceptions, his innate love of justice and his strong benevolence all prompted him. He based his efforts for reform on the truth, that in every department of the universe, moral as well as physical, wise and beneficent laws held their sway; that all suffering had its origin in violation of these laws, and the work of true reform was to bring the transgressor back, penitent, to obedience. He brought human conduct and human institutions to this test of principle. By it he tested religion, theoretical and practical. He knew no opinions too sacred to be submitted to this test, none too sacred to be pronounced false and worthless if the test condemned them. Very many who are skeptical of the truth of popular religious opinions, are silent in regard to them. But he, satisfied that falsehood, sanctified by religious forms and professions, was most dangerous and hurtful, dared to speak out in exposure of cherished errors, and in this way often brought upon himself reproach and persecution. Yet he was no impertinent brawler, thrusting unwelcome opinions upon men out of time and season; but whenever fitting occasion presented, he was the ever-ready advocate of truth, though it might be contemned.

He formed his own opinions, and as his own, he loved them, for he knew the evidence which sustained them. He well illustrated his own character in this particular, in one of those shadowy vagaries which sometimes fill a sick man's brain. He imagined his bed was standing on some other man's territory, and insisted it should be removed to another corner of the room, which he said he had bought; it was his, and he wished to occupy his own possessions. So was it with him in the realm of thought. He had his own veritable possessions. He stood upon them, whoever sought to dispossess him, yielding only to the convictions of truth, to which he was always susceptible.

But, though firm in his own opinions, he was tolerant of the opinions of others. He was for the largest liberty of thought and utterance, for he had the fullest confidence in the power of truth to sustain and defend itself against all assaults. He justly thought that those who hedge themselves round with limitations of discussion and preventives of free and earnest criticism, make in this arrangement confession of judgment against themselves and their cause. He was also most charitable for the motives of those who differed in opinion with him, even when they were personally offensive in their expressions of difference.

I need not tell a Salem audience of his devotion to the cause of freedom, and to the slave as the representative of that cause. His life is an open volume, clear and legible to all who knew him. He gave to this cause the best years of his early manhood, and all the energies of his superior mind and loving, noble heart. From the first organization of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, to his death, except during a year or two when he was absent from the State, he was a member of its Executive Committee. Much of the good that the Society accomplished is due to his years of devoted, faithful labor. In this he gave evidence that he was an Abolitionist from principle. He gloried in the name when there were few around him who dared to whisper it, unless it was coupled with the laugh of derision, the hiss of scorn, or the damning prefix "infidel." He was an Abolitionist for the slave's sake, because he never could be otherwise than the considerate friend of the wronged and helpless. He was an Abolitionist for the master's sake, because he abhorred the iniquity of slavery and would save the sinner from his guilt. He was an Abolitionist for religion's sake, for he loathed the hypocrisy and pitied the moral blindness that could cant of love to God while brutalizing his image in his helpless children. He was an Abolitionist for his country's sake, for he believed the supreme law of justice could not be violated with impunity by nations, more than by individuals—that no human combination could make crime successful.

Of this truth our nation gives bloody evidence today. In time past it framed iniquity by law. It crushed the poor and needy by statute, and while proclaiming the rights and equality of men in declarations and constitutions, sold the mother and her babe apart on the auction-block. Here was a combination in defiance of justice, more powerful than the world had ever known. The most mighty of nations gave it the support of its power, while a great mass of the Churches and ministers, blinded by prejudice, besotted by gain, or cringing for popularity, with solemn countenance and uplifted hands, blessed the monstrous, bloody crime. But God's laws moved steadily on to their own vindication. Retribution claimed her own of justice. This conspiracy against humanity was scattered into fragments by that very selfishness with which they had thought to sustain and perpetuate it forever. And now the nation, taught by the sacrifice of the millions of treasure she had clutched from the slave, by the blood of thousands of her sons slain in battle—slain by the men whose crime she had pampered and shared—is now, thank God, doing works meet for repentance; slow to learn, but yet learning righteousness. The Church, too, is learning, for she no longer blesses the master. She prays for the slave, and sends to the Freedmen her gospel and her alms. Thus is wisdom justified of her children.

Our friend was not only an Abolitionist, but he vindicated the idea in its most radical application. When upon our little abolition streamer those words were inscribed which declare the true policy of freedom—"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS"—and when this declaration was greeted with the shriek of horror, or the howl of rage from all parts of the land, he stepped forward as firmly and calmly to that standard for its defence, as he has now descended to the grave. An act of higher, nobler heroism it was than when, to meet the later exigencies of the strife, he buckled on his sword for the bloody fight. But how signally is truth vindicated! Well may he sleep in peace, his work well done. Well may all the noble self-sacrificed who have fallen in the battle rest content with their glory, now that this motto, upborne by black troops and white, leads our army along the whole line, from Carolina to Mexico. Well may the old Abolitionists who remain gird themselves anew for whatever work remains, when it has come to pass that no man can hope to reach the Presidential chair, except, as the declaration of his future policy, he has engraved upon his forehead, as with the pen of iron and the point of a diamond, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

Yes, the inscription for the tomb of our brother, most expressive of the benevolence and heroism of his character, of the purity of his patriotism and the strength of his principles will be, HERE RESTS AN ABOLITIONIST.

"Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steed that cleft the wind?
Saw ye not his soul aspire,
When his mantle dropped behind?

"Ye who caught it as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breast,
So in you his meekness dwell,
So on you his spirit rest.

"Yet, rejoicing in his lot,
Still shall memory love to weep
O'er the venerable spot
Where his dear cold relics sleep."

A CONSERVATIVE TALKING SENSE.

[When Anna E. Dickinson lectured in Cincinnati recently, she was introduced to her audience by the conservative and venerable Rev. Dr. Thompson, whose clerical and social standing in that city is not less eminent than that of Dr. Gardiner Spring in New York. *The Gazette* gives the following sketch of the scene and of Dr. Thompson's remarks:]

WHEN the venerable Rev. Dr. Thompson accompanied the young and winsome speaker upon the stage, the impression was manifest in the audience that there was no humbug or clap-trap in the mission of the lady. Still, the remarks of the preacher, endorsing the mission and extolling the manner of her whom he was about to introduce, were cheered with a zest that would have been refreshing, years agone, in a Woman's Rights Convention. And of this we have no fault to find in this connection; it only shows the progress of public opinion in this world as it moves apace. From a divine of the conservative school no one could ask more liberal views in regard to the rights and privileges of woman, than were expressed in reference to the speaker of the evening. He felt no reluctance, in accordance with the request of the Committee having the management of the lecture, to render the grateful service of introducing the very distinguished individual by whom the audience was about to be addressed. He was aware that there was a public sentiment, amounting to almost a prejudice on the part of a majority of people, against public speaking by females. It was thought woman was stepping aside from her peculiar sphere when she presented herself before a public audience for the purpose of instructing them. It was generally conceded that it was quite in character for a woman, and within her province, to sing in public, or do anything in public, the simple design of which was to afford pleasure and entertainment. There were those who would follow in the train of admirers of a Jenny Lind, for instance, who would be shocked at the idea of listening to a woman as a public teacher, but he could see no reason for such discrimination. He thought that woman had some better and higher mission to perform in this world than merely to adorn it and administer to its artistic tastes and pleasures. The rule on this subject, under supposed apostolic authority, which was so prevalent, was a rule standing upon ground peculiarly its own. And if any of his hearers were disposed to inquire of him who were the persons who should become public speakers and seek to mould public sentiment and public action in regard to great public interests, he would unhesitatingly answer: Those who have the necessary knowledge and ability to do it (great applause and cheering)—those whom God has endowed with the requisite gift. Who shall speak in public? *They who know how* (renewed and unanimous applause). It is quite unnecessary, continued Mr. Thompson, for me, under such a rule as this, to express my opinion to you with respect to the very distinguished and remarkable woman, as I myself can testify, having had the pleasure of hearing her before. She is here to testify for herself, and exhibit her unmistakable credentials. He then presented Miss Dickinson to her waiting audience.

ANOTHER CONSERVATIVE TALKING NONSENSE.

[A writer in the Cincinnati *Journal and Messenger* (Baptist)—evidently of the Rip Van Winkle school—utters a dolorous protest against what Dr. Thompson did and said on the occasion above referred to. He sums up his doctrine of woman's "subordinate sphere" as follows:]

"Woman was made to be the companion of man, but because our mother Eve sinned she was placed in subjection to her husband. It was a generic subjection, involving that of all her daughters. Hence, throughout the Bible woman's inferiority to man in matters of government, moulding public sentiment by public speeches, etc., is as clear as the sun in heaven. I do not say there is intellectual inferiority—for when an apostle speaks of woman as the "weaker vessel," he obviously refers to her more delicate physical organism—but I do say the Bible assigns her a subordinate sphere, out of which she cannot move without doing violence to the modesty and shrinking delicacy which have ever been her ornament and glory. It is dangerous to turn away from the teachings of the Bible. It is specially perilous for a Doctor of Divinity to do so. May Miss Dickinson find her home too attractive to be left again."

INFLUENCE OF AMERICAN ABOLITIONISTS IN ENGLAND.

[Extract of a letter from M. D. CONWAY to *The Commonwealth*.]

LONDON, Feb. 20.

Nothing is more remarkable and exhilirating to an American who loves freedom, and disgusting to one who does not, than the reverence with which the Simon-pure Abolitionist is regarded here. There may be many opinions in any company concerning the possibility of restoring the Union, or the character of the Yankee; but he is a rare and a bold man who has anything to say against abolitionism or Abolitionists. They are regarded as the legitimate successors of the Wilberforces and Buxtons, whose position was among the highest of the land, and whose descendants are powers in Parliament. The American Abolitionist is regarded as a nobleman. Of course it was always recognized that until lately there was but a small caste of this high calibre in the United States; but they who were not such were regarded as the mere swarming unimportant mass. Our reason for this is obvious; almost every American name that hitherto has been ever heard on this side of the ocean was the name of an Abolitionist. You may even now speak the names of Winthrop, Everett, Douglas, Lord, or Van Buren, and nineteen in twenty faces will be blank. Even the name of Webster is apt to elicit the question—Who is he? But not one in twenty will be found ignorant of Emerson, Phillips, Garrison, Mrs. Stowe, H. W. Beecher, Sumner, Curtis, Mrs. Child, or Horace Greeley; and each of these names has an association with abolitionism. It is taken for granted that all our literary men are on that side; and I have seen many a well-read Englishman amazed at learning that an author so well known as Hawthorne is on the wrong side. But lately it has been also seen that the Abolitionists were evidently empowered, by the increase of their numbers, and the justification of their position by events, to be the guiding force of the revolution now going on in America. Their prophesies have been all fulfilled; their demands of to-day have become the policy of the government to-morrow. Hence, you in America can scarcely appreciate the sensation which has been produced here this week by the tidings, which have been the choice morsel of the papers, that an important split in the abolition ranks had occurred. A financial crash could scarcely more have stirred the anxieties of the friends of the North, and the joys of the friends of the Southern Confederacy. It will be the very few who will see in that split the evidence that the anti-slavery movement in America has vitality enough to live, and live to purpose so long as a vestige of slavery remains; only the few who will see therein the evidence that having lived to secure one harvest, it has vigor enough to promote a second. The question, Has the abolition society fulfilled its mission, is now answered. That which can divide is not dead, nor asleep; seed shells part that germs may shoot forth.

Most certainly it is not by adhering to men simply because they have done some good things, or moved with the average mass, or been true to themselves, that the Abolitionists can do work in this emergency. Suppose Mr. Garrison had only gone as far as the people sustained him, what would be have accomplished? And what advantage can we get by men being "true to themselves," if those selves are stupid or mean? Pierce, Buchanan, the Devil—or any other organized rascality—were doubtless true to themselves. It is the *selves* we object to. Now, it is very certain that thus far, with all his good qualities, Mr. Lincoln's course shows that a substantial part of his *self* (pardon the grammar!) consists of that which he got out of Kentucky at his birth. And so we have much to fear from that Kentucky in him—for the Kentucky out of him is not a whit more formidable than Pepper's Ghost—indeed is but the projection of Mr. Lincoln's weak point.

There is no doubt that this little passage between Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips is producing an important effect here. Hitherto the criticisms which have been made against Mr. Lincoln from the anti-slavery side of the house have been nearly drowned by the outcries of the pro-slavery party, North and South, against him. It was surmised that he could not be very objectionable to the Abolitionists who was so odious to slavery. And so the anti-slavery criticisms (unfavorable) have had the air of unreality; have been supposed to have some momentary or special bearing not fundamentally affecting Mr. Lincoln's standing with the Abolitionists. And so Mr. Lincoln has still been the subject of idealization with our friends here. But this state of mind has had a shock. It is now clear that Mr. Phillips, who stands with Emerson above all Americans, has utterly lost faith in Abraham Lincoln. The pain is deep; but, popular as the President is, the opinion of the life-long, all-sacrificing devotee of Liberty will outweigh his popularity. From this time the plaudits will be feebler. If Mr. Phillips shall be the means of provoking in our friends here some sharp and common-sense criticism upon the President for his slowness, and for surrounding himself with Sewards, Blairs, and the like, he will do a good work. The sad effect in the otherwise potent influence of our friends here has been their unwillingness to criticise, their disposition to accept the Administration undiscriminatingly, for fear of having their admissions seized on by the opposition. Privately they will discuss Seward's folly, and Blair's meanness; but not publicly. But how shall we wonder at them when we are still waiting for valiant words from Massachusetts Senators?

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE UNION, NOW, FOREVER.

BY INGOLDSBY NORTH.

Deep in the forest shades
The faded leaves are lying;
Thickly in Southern glades
Our soldier boys are dying;
Wildly o'er bitter skies
The wintry clouds are sweeping;
Sadly from loved ones' eyes
The rain of grief is weeping;
But from this baptism of tears
The people ring out lusty cheers:
"The Union, now, forever."

From childhood's simple heart;
From widow lowly bending;
From home and street and mart,
In solemn union blending;
Where lonely sentries tramp;
Where there are trumpets calling;
From bivouac and from camp;
From where our braves are falling,
The same cry comes; for who would live
While life and strength are left to give
"Our Union, now, forever."

SUSANNAH EVANS.

WE had a late visit of Miss Evans, the young Welsh discourser on temperance, to the pulpit of our Lafayette Avenue Church. *Orator* is not the word exactly; she is a modest maiden of fifteen, with a clear, sweet voice, a pleasant face, and a warm, Christian heart. She talks right on with the utmost simplicity and directness, eschews all clap-trap and buffoonery, and when she is through hundreds are ready to enroll themselves in the ranks of pledged abstainers. Full-grown men are impressed by her artless eloquence, and "a little child leads them." Her speaking in our church reminded us of the pastor who prepared a powerful discourse expressly to reach a six-foot sinner of strong intellect in his congregation. But when the man soon after presented himself for admission to the church, he stated that he was led to Christ by some touching stories which his little daughter had brought home to him from the Sabbath-school.

I confess that I felt a few misgivings when I introduced the little maid with her "jockey" and scarlet feather to the pulpit; especially as the house was crammed with nearly two thousand. But I remembered that Father Abraham had lately gone to the United States Capitol to hear Miss Dickinson, and so I hid behind the illustrious precedent. Her speech was seasoned with the salt of true religion, and it would have aided rather than hindered the deepest revival feeling. She seems to have been raised up of Providence to do a work for that neglected class who are now marching hellward almost unchallenged—*the tipplers*. Her history is singular.

Miss Susannah Evans is a native of Aberdare, in Wales; her father was a dram-seller and a drunkard. A Sunday-school recitation pronounced by her at an anniversary was the means of reforming her father. Discovering that she possessed a gift for persuasive speaking, she began, at twelve years, to address her Welsh country folk on temperance. In London and Manchester she was soon welcomed by crowds of auditors, and last year she determined on a mission to America. Large audiences have gathered to hear her at New Haven and elsewhere; she is overwhelmed with invitations to lecture; her head does not seem to have grown dizzy with success; and, for one, I believe she has been sent over to us to aid in forwarding that temperance revival so sorely needed and whose symptoms are growing apparent on every side.—*Theodore L. Cuyler.*

THOMAS STARR KING.

AN ORTHODOX CLERGYMAN'S TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

[Extract of a letter to the Boston *Transcript*, from Rev. JACOB M. MANNING, Junior Pastor of the Old South Church in that city.]

THE sorrow of my own heart for this loss is none the less real because I thought Mr. King fundamentally wrong, and he thought me absolutely wrong, in theology. What I remember him for is what our short acquaintance has brought oftenest to my notice; and how can I help being saddened, calling to mind, as I now do, his genial and unaffected kindness?

We were next-door neighbors, and the wall between our houses was not too thick. I could hear him at work in his study—now pacing the floor in deep thought, now taking a volume from its shelf, and now thrusting it back with such force that it seemed to send a challenge through the brick partition. And that nimble brain and hand have lost their cunning!

Our door-bells were emulous of each other's loquacity, jingling in such eager dispute that we could never decide which one had the last or loudest word. Ludicrous was the effect one day, when Mr. King, in a playful mood, sent a peddler of heretical books to me; and very droll were his surmises, not long after, when solicited, by an unsuspecting agent, to subscribe for a forthcoming work in the interest of Orthodoxy. We spoke of the occurrence with a broad mouth, when the agent was gone. Over the way, and looking into our windows, was a neighbor whose name began with Mr. King's name and ended with the beginning of mine. We used to call it the "connecting link" between us, and assert, with great good humor, that nothing but the affinities of their names could account for the mutual good will of the *Kings*, King-*mans*, and Man-*nings*. The morning after he had criticized a sermon on future punishment, preached in his pulpit at his own request, I happened suddenly to meet him while turning a corner. He started back comically, saying, "We were pretty nearly into each other." "Yes," was the answer, "but don't be disturbed, for I'm not one of the fighting kind." He looked twice, perceiving the allusion to his theological strife, but, seeing no mote in my eye, burst into a loud laugh, and asked me if I didn't think it a great thing to rank as a "polemic divine." And the pulse of that boy-faced man is still!

I saw him at the White Mountains, one Summer, while we were fellow-borders at the Alpine House. There his love of the grand and beautiful, as I need not say, had its throne. Happy the visitor that deserved, and could secure, him for a guide. But of this the world knows already, as by his unrivalled descriptions it has been instructed and charmed. Nature's anthem sounds weak and discordant, now that this string, so finely tuned to her mystery, is snapped in twain!

Mr. King, as I had the delight of knowing, frequently honored the honest and toiling poor. The day he left Boston for San Francisco, calling for me at the door to speak a parting word, he placed in my hand a recommendation to some post of remunerative labor, to be sent to a needy person residing out of town. It certainly marked him as a man of singular goodness, that he thought, amid the excitements of that day, to write a letter of charity—perhaps the last letter he ever wrote in his Eastern home—for one to whom he was bound by no tie but benevolent sympathy, and whose gratitude for his kindness he could never know. A mother and daughter, going from this city to California in quest of service in some family, having known Mr. King here, sought him out in his new home, and lavish indeed were their praises when they wrote back, telling how kindly he had welcomed the poor Irish woman, asking after their friends in Boston, and helping them to a good home in San Francisco. And the generous heart, that would raise every other to its own level of purity and joy, is cold!

My last glimpse of Mr. King was in the cars recently, coming from Washington to Philadelphia—an indirect glimpse only, for I saw his character in another man's. A native of Kentucky, but a resident and soldier of California, sat beside me, and greatly surprised me by his intelligent, high-toned conversation. I did not look for such fruit from such a stock, and ripened in such an atmosphere. He said the battle between right and might was fairly joined in that new State, and he had no doubt the right would win. "Do you know Mr. King?" "O yes," was the reply; "and he it was who won me from the side of violence to the side of justice. My last evening, before starting for the seat of war, was spent with him. He has breathed the spirit of a true manhood into that gold-digging population. Already the younger and controlling minds have caught the inspiration, and have vowed to one another and to God that California shall be both the richest and the purest State in the Union. We shall make it that, for we have the natural resources and climate, and now we are beginning to have the conscience."

These warm words were spoken too seriously to be questioned, and showed me that Mr. King had enshrined his life in the heart of much that is truest and best in California, where the fragrance of his name, like that of precious ointment, shall be sweet and purifying throughout many generations.

It seems strange that I, once yielded over unto death, should be alive to remember him, whose place shall know him no more—him, so suddenly cut down, and whom it is even yet hard to associate with anything but health and buoyant action. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Happy is he who finds an eternity in each fleeting hour, and so lives that death shall only prove him immortal.

NORTHERN SOUTHERNERS.

From The Boston Transcript.

A FRIEND communicates an incident which occurred at the Tremont House in this city in 1860. One evening quite a number of persons were congregated there—representatives of North and South—discussing the great questions of the day, and after some talk, a Boston gentleman offered a general invitation to the company to moisten the conversation with some of the luxuries of the apartment, as some of the speakers appeared to be a little husky. Such a proposition, made in such a place, in high political times, is always understood to be entirely in order, and it was accepted, *nem con.*

Among the guests who responded to the invitation of the hospitable Bostonian was a miscellaneous-looking individual, with whom he had no acquaintance whatever, and some one stepped forward to make an introduction between the invited and the inviter. The master of ceremonies upon the occasion spoke of the latter as being a gentleman who had only the fault of being a "Black Republican." The other drew himself up and with a vulgar oath declared that he would not drink with a "Black Republican," for he was a Southern gentleman and a slaveholder. The Boston man looked Mr. Consequence all over, and gauged him thoroughly. "No one asked you to drink," said he, "and you need not make any high demonstrations from the fact that you have accidently got into the company of gentlemen. I will bet champagne suppers for the whole of this company that you are neither a Southerner nor a slaveholder. You are a born Yankee, and a mighty mean one at that!" The "Southern gentleman" cowered down under this fire, and sneaked out of the company. It was afterwards discovered that he was a renegade son of Cape Ann, Massachusetts, and he was a very pretty representative of a degraded and pusillanimous Northern doughface. He was no more a slaveholder than he was a Southerner.

TO A MOTHER.

Hush the little thing to rest!
Fold it close upon thy breast!
Trouble not its dreams for me!
Let it slumber peacefully!
Soon enough 'twill wake and weep,
Long and weary vigils keep,
All thy care and all thy love,
No protection then may prove.
Soon that dimpled arm shall twine
Round another neck than thine.
Soon that heart, so quiet now,
All its passion shall bestow,
Where no mother's tender care
Joy or sorrow then may share.
Hush the little thing to rest;
Safe, as yet, upon thy breast!
What is all its father's wealth
To the joy he tastes by stealth,
Creeping to that little bed,
Gazing on that seraph head?
What is all its mother's pride
To the passion deep and wide,
Sweeping through her inmost soul,
When those little blue eyes roll
Up to hers, so fair and bright,
Pure and clear as Heaven's own light?
Never despot had the sway
Both are crouching to, to-day.
Never mandate from on high
Thrilled them like an infant's cry.
May it live, and grow to be
All your visioned hope may see,
Grace and goodness to possess;
Gentleness and tenderness;
Wit and beauty, mind and heart:
In this world to play a part,
Wealth or pride could ne'er sustain;
That applause of men to gain,
Given but to stainless worth,
Born of heaven, though shown to earth!

—*Boston Transcript.*

HENRY CLAY AND MR. GARRISON.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, the poet, states, that while Wm. Lloyd Garrison was in prison in Baltimore, in 1830, Henry Clay wrote from Lexington, Ky., to a friend in Baltimore, "directing him to pay the fine and costs, and liberate Mr. Garrison." This fact has not been publicly known until very recently.—*Exchange papers.*

The statement is not entirely correct. Mr. Clay related to us the facts in July, 1830. A few months before, Mr. Garrison, editor of an emancipation paper in Baltimore, was prosecuted, imprisoned, and fined for a libel on Woolfolk. Not being able to pay the fine, his imprisonment was prolonged on that account. Mr. Whittier, an entire stranger to Mr. Clay, wrote to him as a philanthropist, begging him to pay the fine, and thus procure Mr. Garrison's release. Mr. Clay wrote to his old friend Hezekiah Niles, of Niles's *Register*, asking whether Mr. Garrison was a worthy man, and saying that, if he was so, he would pay one half the fine, providing Mr. Niles or others would pay the other half. Mr. Niles wrote back, stating that, on the whole, he thought Mr. Garrison worthy. Mr. Clay at once remitted the money for half of the fine, the other half was paid, and Garrison was discharged.

It is not pleasant to have to add, that, some time afterwards, both Whittier and Garrison wrote bitter things against Mr. Clay.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ The Louisville *Journal*, in attempting to correct the reliable statement of Mr. Whittier, falls into several blunders. It is not true that we were "prosecuted, imprisoned and fined for a libel on Woolfolk" (an infamous slave-dealer), but on Francis Todd, of Newburyport, whom we denounced in *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* for participating in the domestic slave trade. Nor is it true that we were discharged from prison in consequence of Henry Clay and Hezekiah Niles contributing towards the payment of our fine. The fine was paid by Arthur Tappan, Esq., of New York, to whom alone we were indebted for our liberation from prison. It is doubtless true, as Mr. Whittier states, that Mr. Clay would have paid the fine, if he had not been anticipated by Mr. Tappan. But this presents no reason why we should have allowed Mr. Clay to go unrebuked for his subsequent efforts to crush the anti-slavery movement, and thus to perpetuate "the sum of all villainies." "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." In what manner Mr. Whittier wrote to Mr. Clay, or what was the motive which induced the latter to give heed to his request, we do not know.—*Liberator.*

THE PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM.

ONE of the most wonderful and meritorious objects on exhibition in the Brooklyn Sanitary Fair was the "Proclamation of January 1, 1863," presented to the New England Kitchen by Mr. J. E. Paine of Brooklyn. Every part of this curious work was executed with steel pens and ordinary writing-ink. The design of the drawing is as striking as its execution is wonderful. Inside, it is about twenty-eight by twenty inches. A section of the trunk of a huge tree forms the left border of the picture, with three stages of growth cut in the bark, namely, "1620" near the foot, "1776" midway, and "1863" at the top, or where its further development is arrested by the upper margin. Two branches are thrown out from the visible portion of the trunk, one of them extending across the face of the picture and intersecting portions of the lettering, and a mass of gracefully-disposed foliage from the upper or invisible part of the huge growth above falls in at the top line or border.

In the centre is a portrait of President Lincoln from a photograph (by Brady), the entire faithfulness of which can be tested by the latter, which is posted near by. The shading of the face is effected by more or less of the most minute touches or dots with a very fine-pointed steel pen, the effect of the whole so closely resembling that of steel engraving, that probably not one in a hundred of those who have seen it supposes *this* portion of the work to have been done with a pen. At the foot of the tree stands a sentinel, very spiritedly drawn, and in the lower right corner is a sketch of a section of the "between-decks" of a man-of-war, with a mounted gun and its attachments, the former representing the military and the latter the naval authority of the government, pledged to the support of the proclamation.

The work was purchased for $500—one hundred persons subscribing $5 each—to be presented to the President, with a book containing the autographs of the subscribers.

CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES.

From Friends' Review.

ON the 19th of 2d mo. a new Enrolment or Draft bill passed both houses of Congress, containing the following important section:

"Members of religious denominations, who shall, by oath or affirmation, declare that they are conscientiously opposed to the bearing of arms, and who are prohibited from doing so by the rules and articles of faith and practice of such religious denomination, shall, when drafted into the military service, be considered noncombatants, and shall be assigned by the Secretary of War to do duty in the hospitals, or to the care of freedmen, or shall pay the sum of three hundred dollars, to be applied to the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers. *Provided*, That no person shall be entitled to the benefit of this section unless his declaration of conscientious scruples against bearing arms shall be supported by satisfactory evidence that his deportment has been uniformly consistent with such declaration."

The framers of this law probably thought they were making it conform to the views expressed in the memorials, as we have quoted them. In general, Friends can have no objections to contributing to the aid of the sick and wounded—the exceptions will be in the cases of soldiers in the military hospitals who are under obligations to return, as soon as they are suf